

THE
Chinese Recorder
AND
MISSIONARY JOURNAL.

VOL. XII.

SEPTEMBER-OCTOBER, 1881.

No. 5

SKETCHES OF A COUNTRY PARISH.

By REV. ARTHUR H. SMITH.

IT may be well to remind the reader, that the only reason for the disproportionate minuteness with which the narrative of this village has been detailed, is because it serves to illustrate principles much better than could be done by so many pages of dogmatizing. Missionaries in China—or in any other land—can never too often be reminded, that whatever may be true of those for whom they labor in respect of cultivation, education or civilization, they are stocked with an abundance of Human Nature, which changes little with places and times. The fifth chapter of Acts contains lessons of perennial significance to those who can understand them. Covetousness was the besetting sin of the earliest Christian Church, and for ought that we can see, it may continue to beset the Church to the last. The Old Adam and the New seem at times to dwell together in something like harmony, until the emergence of some question involving cash, upon which the younger of the two is certain to flee out of that house naked and wounded. Church members are occasionally met, even in the young Chinese churches, who desire to “present” their houses to the Church, for places of worship. No extended experience is requisite, however, to show that such gifts are to be received with extreme caution. Some are White Elephants, and others are Trojan Horses, to be discreetly anatomized before being hoisted within the walls. It is difficult for converts to realize, what even their foreign teachers at times overlook, that the principal need of Chinese Christians is not churches, but a Church—an organic unity of believers self-helpful and progressive, co-operating for the extension of Christ’s Kingdom; first in their own hearts, and then in the hearts of others. Any external furnishings which distract attention from this great aim, may prove to be an injury in the very particular in which they were designed to be a help. Two offers of dwelling houses, to be

given to the Church as chapels, were made in this field during the same year. One of these was by a man who was an inquirer previous to the famine, and had even made a trip to Tientsin in quest of "doctrine." His village was relieved, himself and family subsequently baptized, and within twelve months a "Church" numbering more than thirty persons—half of them from his own village—met in his house. At this stage he offered to "give" the yard and buildings, to insure a permanent foundation for the infant Church, but there seemed reason to suppose that some ulterior motive lay in ambush, however earnestly disclaimed. The matter was therefore postponed, and within a few weeks disagreements, involving a question of veracity between this man and one of the helpers ensued; unwise and hasty words were spoken, and the Sunday meeting was removed to another village, some of the members deserting to the Romanists, who at that time offered considerable inducements to recruits, and many of the remainder, including the donor of the house, altogether disappeared from the field of vision! The other case occurred in the village of *Ti-ch'i*, already mentioned as the first center of work in this region. The donor was a widow—one of the two first converts, and the circumstances appeared exceptionally favorable for a transfer of this kind. The Church here had always been weak, and just after the famine, when a general interest had sprung up, a sudden announcement of the disbursement of large sums by the Roman Catholics in the Chihli province a few miles distant, distracted attention, excited mercenary hopes, and effectually extinguished most of the dawning promise. The cautious announcement of the plan she cherished, on the part of the widow, soon raised a tempest in the family tea-pot. Questions of property inflame the Chinese mind, as a red rag maddens a wild bull. It is a proverb that an upright magistrate can not adjust family disputes, and it is by no means certain that he can comprehend them. Furious quarrels, unmeasured reviling, threats of personal violence, and counter threats of law-suits, conferences with the inevitable Peace-Talker, agreements, disagreements and readjustments, documents laboriously drawn up, elaborately signed and witnessed, disputed by the signers, and after all, formally burned in presence of the middlemen by the foreign Shepherd—these were the agreeable incidents of a period of nearly two mouths. The matter was, indeed, at last adjusted, the premises measured and deeded to the Church, but many years must elapse, before the roots of bitterness thus quickened into life can be eradicated. One of the chief hinderances to the progress of Christianity among the Chinese, especially in the earlier stages of missionary work, is the *solidarity* of Chinese society. Among Western

nations a family is a unit. The influence of other families, however near of kin, is by no means certain to be powerful, much less decisive and irresistible. Every man is independent, and neither his business, polities nor religion, is determined by his ancestry or by his family connections. In China, however, all is quite different. A family is a comprehensive noun of multitude, and extends backwards as well as laterally to a distance practically infinite. The very terms used to express relationship of blood, or connection by marriage, are many times more numerous than in English, and incomparably more complex. The manner in which these designations are employed is highly significant. If in English, we speak of a man's brother, we mean a person born of the same father and mother, or at least of one of them. The Chinese, however, does not necessarily mean anything of the sort, and it might almost be said that unless the qualifying adjective "own" is prefixed, the intention is to indicate a remoter "brother." Thus: first, second, third or fourth cousins, are all "brothers," and the same is true, *mutatis mutandis*, of other relationships. Nor is this simply an idiosyncracy of nomenclature. It indicates the fact that the Chinese are clannish to a high degree. Each individual is a cog in the great family wheel, and whatever his importance, he is not the wheel, but the cog. To extricate himself from his environment, and to move as an independent machine, is extremely difficult. If he is rich, his poorer relatives fasten themselves upon him, and there is often no escape. If he is poor, he seeks for some rich relative upon whom he may fasten himself, and he can not be shaken off. The solidarity of Chinese society is powerfully aided by the indisposition to removal. "The old home is hard to leave," has become a proverb, unintelligible no doubt to the migratory Occidental, who has roamed over half the planet, and has in his mind's eye the portion yet untried. The family of Confucius dwells on, where it has dwelt for more than two thousand years, and for ought that we can see, it may continue rooted to that spot for two thousand years to come. The same is true everywhere. Men may come, and men may go, but the family goes on for ever, unless by some rare accident it goes out. Thus, villages are named after a family, and multitudes of towns have among hundreds of families but one family name. "There are no outsiders here," they will tell you, "we are all one family." How this state of things may greatly retard Christianity, it is not hard to see. The Gospel, as already remarked, usually finds its earliest adherents, now as always, among the poor. The rich and influential members of a family, will have nothing to do with it. Such of them as are scholars, are pride-bound with the pride and bigotry of Con-

fucianism and can not tolerate a foreign Jesus; those who are engaged in trade, perceive by instinct that the new religion is likely to prove troublesome, and must not be encouraged. To organize a vigorous Christian Church, composed of Chinese from the lower walks of life alone, appears about as feasible as to construct a water-proof house of brush wood. The community of interested existing in Chinese families, makes itself felt the moment that any of those interests are invaded by Christianity. It has been already observed that disputes about money, are frequently conducted with ungovernable fury. Even if no houses or lands are presented to the Church, its members will almost inevitably become entangled in controversies of this kind, either with their own families, with their neighbors, or with each other. When the contest has reached a certain stage of complexity, and general involubility, the Shepherd is sure to be appealed to, and whether he allows himself to be drawn into the snare, or holds inflexibly aloof, he often finds his work undone, and the brightest prospects mildewed by causes utterly beyond his control. The Chinese themselves are so accustomed to these domestic typhoons, as to disregard them to an extent truly wonderful, but the missionary who assays to build up native Churches in their track, seems at times, to have combined the labors of Atlas and of Sisyphus. The position of a foreign missionary in China, fortified in his treaty rights, and authorized to claim liberty of conscience, for his converts, is by no means always clearly defined, even to himself. To his converts it is nearly incomprehensible. That his Shepherd, backed as they see him not infrequently to be, by a Consul of vague and mysterious functions, and able on occasion to bring Governors-General, and members of the Inner Council into the line of his wishes, should be unable to render him effective assistance when in trouble, appears to the average convert incredible; that having such a power, he should decline to use it, seems unreasonable. Defections from the Church, both Protestant and Romanist, are often due to quarrels in which the spiritual guide has declined to interfere. Accessions to the Church, based on a hope of the advantage to be gained by such interference, are unfortunately too common. It becomes therefore a dictate of ordinary prudence, to receive no one who has on hand a pending lawsuit.

Another practical obstruction to Christianity in China, is what may be characterized as the tyranny of the Village Bully, or Village King. This monarchical office is not hereditary, much less elective. He who unites an obstinate temper, a long tongue, and the instinct of general meddling, may soon aspire to regal or at least semi-regal powers. When the work in this district suddenly expanded, the

Shepherds unwittingly administered baptism to a considerable number of these local monarchs. An instance or two may suffice to illustrate their prerogatives and the manner in which they are enforced. The long and wearisome trouble at *Shih chia t'ang* was originated and conducted by a Village King. When the Village Bully is likewise a Barefoot Man, his sway is undisputed and despotic. In a large village, about a mile from the central head-quarters, nine persons had been baptized, among them an intelligent old man of pleasing appearance, and another much younger, who proved to be a Village King. A few months later when a serious drought was threatened, these persons, with several others, petitioned for financial relief, such as they had seen in the preceding famine year. When this was pronounced quite out of the question, they threatened to give up attending services on Sunday, which was done. The King went to a distant city and invited Roman Catholic teachers, formerly unknown in that region, who established themselves accordingly, received nearly all the Church members except the old man, who would not go, and this state of things has continued ever since. A helper sent to remonstrate with them, was told by the King, that his errand was useless, as he could not even see the other members—a statement which proved quite correct. When the leader had joined the Romanists, none of the others dared refuse to follow, except the old man, and he did not venture to return to the Church, simply through fear of this Village Bully, and we have never seen him since. He was, however, heard to make this significant observation: "I thought the Jesus religion was just what we wanted, and I do not like the Catholics. But as I must give up being a Christian there is no help for it, and I will return to my old sect!" The secret of his timidity lay in the circumstance that he was the proprietor of some two hundred (Chinese) acres of land, thus presenting a broad target for hostile arrows. Under these circumstances he considered absolute neutrality his wisest course, and in this decision ninety-nine out of an hundred Chinese would probably be found to concur.

Reference has already been made to the multitudinous sects with which the country is filled. The power and influence exercised by the leaders, is unique. In China the relation between master and pupil is far closer and more permanent than in Western lands. Should the teacher at any time become so reduced in circumstances as to need help, it is supposed to be the province of his former scholars to render assistance as they may be able, and it is not uncommon to find dilapidated teachers roaming about in quest of ex-pupils upon whom they may conveniently levy for timely contributions. In the case of

[September-

the leaders of sects, the union is still closer. The Headman is in the possession of secrets which he has never confided to his followers. Induction into the mysteries of these organizations resembles the entrance to those spacious Chinese premises, where court after court is ranged in succession, terminating at last in some building grander and more important than the rest. However much the pupil may have learned, there is always beyond a hidden *orcanum* which he can not enter, and in which, as is generally supposed, both by the official and the non-official public, lies the potential revolt which is the legitimate end and aim of so much complex organism. Externally the apparent motive is the "Practice of Virtue." In reality the hidden object is no one knows what. Persons who are accustomed to sit crosslegged all night, or for nine and forty days, and even in extreme cases for three years, with closed eyes, and bated breath, fixing their thoughts as much as possible on absolute vacuity, under the impression that their souls may thus ascend to heaven and see the invisible, are not unlikely to be powerfully influenced by the "Clear Seer" or "Bright Eye" (明眼) who reviews their performances, (看功夫) and expresses a decisive verdict on the quality of their work. The spice of danger attaching to these nocturnal assemblages, cements the bond of union yet more closely. The leader leads, and his followers follow. When members of these sects, and now and then the leaders themselves, become entangled in the Gospel net, it behoves the Shepherd to look well to his crook.

In a village contiguous to *Shih chia t'ung* several reading men, one of them a Literary Graduate, *Hsiu-tz'ai* (秀才), and another a school-teacher, were received into the Church, among its earliest members. Although identified with one of the Eight Diagram Sects, they gave a reception to Christianity as ready as it was surprising. They exhausted themselves in struggles to make every particular of the new faith adjust itself in some wise to the tenets of the old. Supposing that adherents of Christianity while yet neophytes, would be presumptively kept in ignorance of many profitable doctrines, after the manner of their own sects, they diligently set themselves to explore the field now opened before them, and to dig for hidden mines. In this way Second Peter, Daniel, Révélations and the Hymn Book were all burrowed into, and full many a gem of purest ray serene was brought to light. The Eight Diagrams and Nebuchadnezzar's Image, the Book of Changes, and the Gospel of John, all became members of one happy family.

Among what may be termed the subterranean literature of China, is a little book difficult to obtain, and possibly not quite safe to own,

called The Ordinances of Fate, (天命例). Its authorship and date are uncertain, but it professes to contain the predictions of *Liu Po-wén* (劉伯溫). Although this remarkable statesman and man of letters has been dead and buried for more than five hundred years, he may be said still to live in a sense true of no other individual of his era. He was as is well-known, an adherent of *Hung Wu* (洪武), who threw off the Mongol yoke, and founded the Illustrious Dynasty of the Miungs. Tradition has it that when securely seated upon his throne, his imperial master distrustful of the future interrogated *Liu Po-wén* in regard to the duration of the new dynasty. Questions and answers are faithfully reproduced, we are informed, in The Ordinances of Fate, the latter couched in those parallel sentences, or antithetical couplets, which constitute so important a vehicle of Chinese thought. In this manner it appears that the newly established dynasty was to fade, when the mouths of human beings emitted smoke, and horses walked upon men's arms. The use of "horses" hoofs as an ornament of the sleeves, and the custom of smoking tobacco, are held to have fulfilled these dark sayings. *Hung Wu* naturally demanded to know who the extraordinary people might be, who should thus supplant his race, and was told, among other items that water would be no longer turbid. Whether the Emperor understood this very oblique allusion to the Pure (清朝) Dynasty we are not advised, but he proceeded to raise a further and very injudicious inquiry as to what should follow the Pure regime, and received a response worthy of a Delphic Oracle, in which the components of a character are so combined as to suggest an Eagle *Ying* (鷹) and the popular interpretation is, that this refers to England, *Ying Kuo* (英國), whose successive maritime and martial conquests have in consequence not unnaturally filled multitudes with vague alarm.* All this, however, is nothing to our present purpose,

* There is also a supplement to this book, called the *Tung Ming Li* (東明例), the second character in the title being substituted for the one of the same sound, which denotes Fate, with a view to disguise the significance of the appellation. The occult meanings in these books are shadowed forth, not only by such play on sounds as are here mentioned, but especially by means of the intricate system of intermarriage of Chinese characters, based upon the Eight Diagrams, and the Five Elements. Each Diagram "corresponds" to some substance, each Element is linked to some point of the compass, each cardinal virtue "belongs to" some substance in some other "category," and so on *ad infinitum*. It is vain to attempt to illustrate this copartnership in English, by suggesting for example Damon and Pythias, Castor and Pollux, Tyre and Sidon, or Jack and Jill. The complex composition of Chinese characters, their extensive homophony, and especially their pre-established harmony between certain of them, render it easy for to express almost everything by means of a combination which yet seems to express almost nothing. The genius of the Chinese lies in the direction of these labyrinthic modes of thought. By the very terms of their existence, such books can not authenticate their origin. Fraud is easy. The temptations to fraud are irresistible. The sententious obscurities of the Ordinances of Fate may have been composed several centuries after the death of their reputed Author.

[September-

and is merely mentioned to introduce another prophecy, in answer to the question of the Emperor, what should be the *doctrine* of those distant times. The reply was memorable, for it has been spread broadcast over China, and the little book in which it is recorded forms a kind of private charter of multitudes of the secret sects. It is not perhaps unlikely that this single couplet may serve to explain much of the strange readiness with which the sects in China have listened to, and in many instances accepted Christianity. The subject is the Coming Man, and these are the terms in which he is described:

"When he shall come, you'll see him wear a four ounce woolen-hat,
No Buddhist priest, nor priest of Tao at all resembles that."*

The thoughtful members of the sect in the village referred to, had long ruminated on these words, as we may suppose impresible enthusiasts of the seventeenth century may have done, upon the reputed sayings of Mother Shipton, with no clew whatever to the meaning. On a sudden, however, appeared certain foreigners at the *Shih chia t'ang* temple close at hand, equipped with a new set of doctrines, and with felt hats; was it strange therefore that this coincidence should have exerted a powerful influence upon many thoughtful minds? There is indeed too much reason to suspect, that even now, were the thoughts of many hearts to be revealed, the *soi-disant* vaticinations of *Liu Po-icén* would take higher rank among the Evidences of Christianity, than all the combined prophecies of Daniel and Isaiah. As time went on, it became evident that the leaders in this village would neither give up their sect, nor forsake Christianity, but remained with one foot on sea and one on dry land, making in consequence very little progress. In a few months a daughter of the literary graduate became deranged, and his Confucian friends readily persuaded him that this was due to his new faith, which he henceforth promptly abandoned. The remaining converts earned for themselves the name of Heretics, and vibrated between lukewarmness and erratic zeal. About a year after their baptism, they went about proselyting in several villages containing a large number of adherents to their sect, with whom they had always been intimate. In one of these villages where there were previously only two Church members, in consequence of the exertions of the Heretics, an invitation to hold a weekly meeting was promptly given and accepted, and within six months more than thirty persons had been baptized from this and an adjacent town. But a short time passed, however, before our heretical friends, who were gifted, like a guide-board, with the capacity of pointing out the way without walking in it, again relapsed into their

* 僧不像僧道不像道頭戴四兩羊城帽。

vagaries. On occasion of a celebration of the communion in the *Shih chia t'ang* chapel, two of them rose, and formally protested that to talk of eating a person's flesh and drinking his blood, was language of gross abuse, and the proceeding itself was an outrageous atrocity to be tolerated neither by religion nor common sense. On these grounds, they refused to "communicate," and were with difficulty silenced. The following Sunday another communion was to be observed at the center where the thirty more recent converts attended. It soon appeared that every one of them—informed of the stand taken by their leaders—had *struck*, and would neither take the communion—of which they had no practical knowledge of any kind, nor even attend the service. Subsequent explanations and argument at length partially enlightened the mind of the Heretics, upon which their pupils likewise returned to their allegiance, and the weekly meeting which had been temporarily extinguished during the controversy, was resumed. It must be evident that when individuals are thus attracted or repelled by an invisible lodestone lodged no one knows where, the organization of a compact and united Church appears nearly impossible. A short time after, through some one in the village last referred to, another leader in the same sect living many miles away, heard of the new doctrine, and invited the Shepherd to his village. His observation was significant and instructive. "If I come into your sect, five thousand persons come with me." This epitomizes the case in a nutshell. Many a man who has a following, is willing to consider the question of joining the new and growing order, but let some difference of opinion arise, some case of discipline intervene, and our lately gained adherent marches away at the head of his contingent, and is often seen no more. Christianity is a democratic religion, and the instinct of following is deeply rooted in Chinese habits, while the love of power is too tenacious a passion to relax its grasp, simply because the Gospel according to Matthew records the advice: "Neither be ye called Masters." It was remarked at the outset, that the alternate impulses to the extremes of hopefulness and despair, appears to be an ingredient in almost all Missionary experience. Many illustrations might be cited, but one or two must suffice. A Church member of many years standing, who was scarcely on speaking terms with his own brother—the latter of whom was the druggist already twice mentioned—suddenly developed a "hot heart." He called together certain inquirers, cleared out a vacant house, invited the Shepherd, and after a time, twelve or fifteen persons were baptized, mostly women. In addition to a Sunday service, a week-day meeting was held, as at nearly all the other little centers. This continued for more

than a year, the attendance gradually diminishing, as the leader found his burden growing heavier, until at last he threw it down with petulance, and the enterprise collapsed. This was the only instance in which any assistance was given toward providing the members with a place of meeting, and in this case it was for but a limited time. Everywhere else the gatherings have always been in houses provided by the people of the place. The circumstance that nearly all the members were widows, and in deepest poverty, led to the temporary exception in their case. The results were not encouraging. Even a few benches loaned for the meetings were recovered with difficulty and some of them were not recovered at all. The vicious temper of the leader ruined everything, and not one of the members in that village or in others, who came into the Church *dares* attend a service held elsewhere, for fear of offending this man. In another village to which reference has been already made, a hopeful beginning had been effected, and some thirty persons were upon the rolls. Few places had a more promising outlook. One day, however, an indiscreet helper suggested that now that the weather was cold, the Shepherd would provide a charcoal fire, and also rent the premises of a poor widow who lived in a market-town, to be used as a chapel. All the members were expectant, notably the widow, whose attendance was extremely punctual. By degrees the tale oozed out. The helper denied the allegation *in toto*. Many members had heard the charge of mendacity, and the Shepherd rashly undertook to sift the case as *per ecclesiastical pattern* given. The result was that nobody admitted anything, considerable heat was evolved with very little light, while the poor fellow, who had been the chief witness, was so terrified on seeing all the parties confronted with each other in presence of the Shepherd, that he never opened his mouth again, and was seen no more. The widow relinquished her hopes. One man—who had been falsely accused by an old Church member of smoking his father to death—went soon after to the Catholics. An old blind man, who had been a particularly pleasing convert, took umbrage at being addressed by some one as Sun, the blind man (孫瞎子) instead of teacher Sun (孫先生) and thereafter disappeared. The man who provided the house at which the meetings were held went into the business of selling straw hats at a distance, and the meeting came to an end, while its successor in another village was never attended by more than a fourth of the former numbers. Chinese village society is merely a circulating medium for the smallest of gossip, knowing nothing of the world but their own village and its environments, the world is condensed into this limited area. Everyone knows everyone

else, and all that concerns him. A more talkative people than the Chinese probably never existed. In the multitude of words, occasions of offense are never wanting. Petty quarrels and misunderstandings distract every hamlet, and the moment the Gospel enters, these evils appear on the surface like a malignant rash, but many of them it should be noted, have their roots much deeper than the epidermis.

Were such cases the only or the principal triumphs which illustrate the adaptation of Christianity to China, one might well despair. But they are constantly offset by others, which are in the same proportion encouraging. A woman, for example, who has learned to read a little since her baptism, goes to another village on a visit, and unlike some Christians of more experience, she takes her religion with her. Her friends listen to her simple exposition of the little she knows, and come at once to inquire, which immediately results in a weekly meeting, and, soon after, in the baptism of grand-father, son, and grand-son in one family, and of grand-mother, sons, and grandson in another—every member, in fact, of each household, with a gradually expanding interest in contiguous villages. These persons, within a few months of their baptism tried an experiment which attracted much interest. One of their number was a school-teacher, and it was arranged that he should instruct the children of the Church members, his own among them, half the day in the Confucian classics, and half the day in Christian books. No pressure from the Shepherds brought this about, but it was suggested by a helper, and cordially entered into by all concerned, and it is exactly the plan which one could wish to see adopted everywhere. The members were all rather poor. The teacher's pay was scanty, for it has passed into an aphorism that in Shantung there are more school-teachers than pupils; and he soon showed that he had an interest in the new doctrine. All the explanation of the Christian books was left to the pupils themselves, as well as the prayers at the opening and close of school, as the master had never learned to pray! The pupils were good scholars and in earnest in their Christianity, so that the experiment soon came to an end, and the lads were removed to a little school which had just been opened in the *Shih chia t'ang* temple.

Among the many peculiarities of the Chinese character, few strike a foreigner more oddly than the perfectly cordial tolerance which is extended to every form of religious or semi-religious faith with which they are acquainted. That a man educated as a Taoist, should have been appointed resident priest in a Buddhist temple, was matter of surprise to no one—except to the foreign Shepherds. Two theological seminaries have been known to wage a more bitter warfare

over the question of the Origin of Evil, than has been seen between any two sects in China for the past millenium. That the Three Religions are after all but One, is a saying in every one's mouth, and its citation is generally regarded as an end of the matter. How or why they are all one, it never occurs to any one to inquire. And, strange as it appears, the aphorism expresses a truth. The traveller meets here and there temples sometimes known as *San Chiao T'ang* (三教堂), in which he finds a huge image of the dark visaged "throneless king" upon the left, the ashy and venerable founder of Taoism upon the right, and in the middle a still more imposing and gilded Buddha. "See are not the Three Religions One?" the visitor is asked; and he alone marvels to see Confucius and *Lao chün* placed at the sides, and the post of honor conceded to a foreigner. More in harmony with Occidental notions was the exegesis of a preacher at the *Shih chia t'ang* chapel—a literary graduate—who quoted the familiar saying in a sermon with the remark that he himself might represent the Confucian sect—the ex-temple-keeper, the Taoist, and a recently baptized member, lately a priest, the Buddhist. Thus the three religions are indeed come at last to One—and that One is Christianity. The history of this young Buddhist priest may serve to illustrate the facility with which religious allegiance in China is transferable. His father was a small farmer with a few acres of land, and he himself—the eldest of three sons—was for several years at school. Soon after leaving school, he became attracted by one of the many societies, or sects, to which reference has been repeatedly made. This one is known as the *Fu Luan Hui* (扶鸞會), and differs in some particulars from all the rest. The essence of it is a supposed communication with an Immortal or Fairy (大仙), and the avowed object is the "Cultivation of Virtue." The communication is effected by means of a light frame of bamboo, or similar material, in the center of which is fixed an upright stick, which points downwards like a pen. When the members meet, two persons support this frame on their fingers, so that the point of the stick is immersed in a spray of millet seeds. Invisible influences move the frame this way and that, tracing characters in the seeds, which are recognized by the bearers of the frame, announced, and recorded by a writer. A combination of the characters so described, forms sentences which embody the communication from the Immortal. At the close of each meeting he gives notice when he may next be expected. Two observations will at once occur to any one for the first time made acquainted with this sect and its usages. The first is that it is almost exactly analagous to some of the phenomena of spiritualism—notably to what is known

as "Planchette," and also that it affords—like spiritualism—strong temptations and unlimited facilities for fraud. Nothing is easier than for the supporters of the frame to impart a slight motion in one direction or another at will. Next to writing on water, nothing could be more unsatisfactory than characters traced in a pan of seeds. Under such conditions, anything whatever can be produced with extreme ease. That these perils attendant upon intercourse with the Immortals, are by no means imaginary, a single incident will show. In the village now occupied as mission head-quarters, was a *Fu Luan* Society, the meetings of which were held in a school-house. The teacher was a stiff Confucianist, but by degrees yielded to Christianity, which he at length professed. Thereafter he refused to allow the society meetings to be held at the usual place, a step which led to angry words. To get rid of his presence, a story was invented that his family, some miles distant, had sent for him, on account of sickness. On his return, after finding himself imposed upon—the society having held the meeting during his absence—he was much excited, and put the children of the parties concerned out of school. Peace-Talkers adjusted the matter, but at the next society meeting, the Immortal announced that the God of War—*Kuan Ti* (關帝), was very angry with the teacher, for his disrespect to the society, and for joining Foreign Heretics, and had made arrangements to strike him—the Teacher—dead on a fixed day which was announced. The day passed, and *Kuan Lao Yeh* overlooked his appointment, and has continued to do so ever since. The next year (which was that of the famine) the Immortal took offence at the cessation of a limited amount of relief hitherto afforded by a wealthy family every winter, but which was now suspended when most needed. He informed his followers that the virtue previously accumulated had now lapsed,—being absorbed by the foreigners—and that he himself should appear among them no more, since which time the *Fu Luan* Society in that particular vicinity and within a considerable circumjacent area is practically extinct.

In the Cultivation of Virtue according to the *Fu Luan* pattern, the young man persevered two years. He was by native disposition a "Doctrine-Lover," and might have long continued to drink in Immortal wisdom, but for a new factor now introduced. It is a common practice for the Trustees of temples to invite Buddhist or Taoist priests to their villages, to read the sacred books, in honor of some special divinity. Here again Chinese absence of bigotry is conspicuous. The Managers of a Buddhist temple are not unlikely to invite Taoist priests to read their books, not with reference to the god to which the

temple is erected, but to some Taoist divinity. The Buddhist gods do not feel slighted, the men (and women) who come to make their prostrations, burn paper and incense, have an opportunity to distribute their homage, and nothing in the proceedings appears singular, either to gods or men. This proceeding is called *Ta chiao* (打醮), and these were the assemblages to which a period was put by the transfer of the *Shih chia t'ang* temple as already described. Such a service was held in the young man's village, at which he attracted the attention of the Managing Taoist priests, who conceived the idea that he would make a useful pupil. The application to his father was made through middlemen—as everything in China must be—and was refused, but importunity, and strong representations of the meritoriousness of the sacrifice at length prevailed. Yet he did not leave home, but remained in all respects as before, except that he was a pupil of the Taoist priests, whom he accompanied on every invitation to read the sacred books, with which he became intimately familiar. Taoism teaches that everything is empty, and the young man soon ascertained that Taoism is no exception. Although styled Rationalism, it would be difficult to combine more irrational ingredients. He discovered that his Master could not in the least explain to him the *Tao Te Ching* (道徳經), which great classic and Grand Charter of Taoism was regarded by the priest as alike useless and incomprehensible. This was discouraging to a "Doctrine-Lover," but it was moreover apparent that the chief motive to Taoist priests was neither Reason nor Virtue, but brass cash, and when he refused to accept his proportion of the income from the various sacred readings, he was thought eccentric. The doctrines of the priests were bad, but their lives were worse, and after a few years' experience, the young man definitely left their fellowship, and devoted himself to his domestic concerns. Some years later he made a proposition to the priest of a Buddhist temple a mile or two distant, to be admitted as a pupil, still with reference to the "Cultivation of Virtue." It is needless to say that no one would be surprised at this transfer. Having in the meantime married, it was agreed that the young priest should retain his family relations, and not shave his head. Here he learned to chant the Buddhist sacred books, which he found, if possible, even less intelligible than those of his last religion, owing to their being often a mere transfer of Sanscrit words into Chinese characters. While connected with this temple, an enterprise was set on foot to repair it. An old priest from another village was invited to do the talking, the young man was set upon a country cart, with an incense-table in front of him, and a pair of rude curtains, together with a brass-idol and a set of the sacred books

to be chanted, and the cart was driven from village to village, soliciting funds for the virtuous purpose of repairing the ruined-temple. The Managers of each village temple pledged their village to a certain amount, of which it is the custom (perhaps a local one) to *pay* only one half—thus saving both face and purse. Some months of these excursions, at intervals, sufficed to raise a sum probably equal in value to \$1,000. With this fund, the temple was put into excellent repair, and the images reburnished. The young man had abandoned Taoism because its priests were vicious. He found those in Buddhist temples at least no better. At the end of three years he forsook his new master a hopelessly confirmed opium taker, and again went home. "Every sect has its doctrine, and every grain its kernel." The kernel of these faiths was found to be musty, and consumed by weevils, and by no means worth its cost.

While once more quietly occupied with his farm work, a proposition was made to the young priest—now expert in the mysteries of all religions—to become, most appropriately, the keeper of a temple-to-all-the-Gods, another sample of Chinese Catholicity (全神廟), in his native village, for why, said the Managers, should your knowledge of the sacred books be wasted? The new position was a sinecure, with no duties beyond occasionally chanting the books, and an assistant kept the place in such order as is considered sufficient for Chinese temples. The endowment of twenty Chinese acres (*mou*) furnished a good living for the family, and all things went smoothly.

At this point, however, entered a disturbing force, to wit, the Jesus doctrine. The young man's father and grand-father were first made acquainted with this religion through the keeper of the drug-shop already thrice referred to, whose capacity for informing others of the tenets of the new faith, proved, however very much greater than his disposition to conform to it himself. The young man was very unwilling even to listen to the new teaching although his elders were favorably disposed to it. The grand-father died about the time of the famine, and the father a year later, having been previously baptized. His death made a strong impression upon his family, whom he exhorted to cleave to the new doctrine, which, he declared, surpassed all others. In consequence, the son looked into the books after his father's death, and being struck with the contents, soon became an attendant and at the Sunday meetings. Within a few months, the younger brother was baptized. For some time the mind of the young priest was in a perpetual ferment. That the new religion was true, he could not doubt, but was it practicable? Six months or more was this question revolving in his mind, at the close of which period

(Dec., 1879), his decision was taken. He gave notice to the Trustee of the temple that he would keep it no longer; took down such images as he had in his house, together with an enormous Fe (佛), character on a yellow sheet of paper to which incense had been burned for fifteen years, with a tablet to *Kwan-Ti*, and brought them to the Shepherd. In this resolution to sacrifice a competence for absolutely nothing, and with no prospect of anything, every member of his family singularly enough, concurred. His mother favored it, his baptized brother was naturally delighted, his wife, although somewhat alarmed at the outlook, made no objection, and his second brother who could not even read, urged him on. The Temple Managers remonstrated; they were not only willing to take him back, but despite his heresies they would have been glad to do so; so little religious bigotry is there in China. But the priest refused to be entreated. He declared that after all his experience of sundry sects and doctrines he was now for the first time at peace with himself. A good temple-keeper and unobjectionable priest is not easily found. Hence the strenuous and repeated efforts made to change his mind. Failing other means, the Managers sent for his old Taoist teacher who lived at a distance, who came and labored with his pupil. His arguments were few, but cogent. Do not go into heresy, sedition, and probable ruin, else you will certainly lose your soul. The old man sincerely believed his pupil was in mortal peril, had eaten the bewildering medicine of the foreigner and would be lost. To these arguments the priest replied, that during all his years of study of the Taoist classics, no one could explain anything of their meaning. The temple mottoes themselves about Origin and First Cause were blank and without significance when expounded only by the ignorance of the priest. The Shepherds, he informed his Master, were not like the priest. For what the former said, they adduced adequate proof, and relied chiefly on the internal witness of every man's conscience. The latter assumed everything, proved nothing, and lived merely to get all they can, and keep all they get. In confirmation of his inflexible resolution, he broke his incense censer in the temple, in presence of his Master, and of an excited crowd gathered to hear the debate, and amazed at the rashness of the act. The master wept over his obstinate pupil who only laughed at the old man's fears; the spectators predicted the youth's speedy death at the hands of *Kwan-Fù*, to whom, in reply the young priest extended a specific challenge to do his worst. The next year his Master, who was the superintendant of a large number of temples in different localities, again appeared, and reargued the question, on a practical business basis. He was finally persuaded

that the underlying motive of his pupil must be the hope of a large amount of money as compensation for the sacrifice he had made. It was in vain to assure him otherwise, for he knew something of human nature, especially of that of priests. On the principle, however, of fighting the devil with fire, he proposed to the young priest to resume his place as keeper of the *Tsung Shen* temple, offering him another temple to oversee in addition, with an endowment of twice as much land (sixty Chinese acres in all) and the equivalent of about fifty dollars in money besides. To his undisguised amazement, these extraordinary terms—offered as a tribute to the young man's previous good character—were unhesitatingly rejected, and he was told that five times the money would not prove the least inducement whatever. It was not singular that the priest should demand what the doctrine could be, that inspired such obstinacy. The outlines of Christianity were presented to him, and he was exhorted to take home with him some little books, and get them read to him—for this charterer of sacred liturgies, and administrator of temples, could not himself read, but he refused to look at the books or to touch them. His reply embodies an incidental explanation of the extreme vitality of the apparently moribund superstitions of the Chinese. Well, he exclaimed, "the doctrine certainly appears to be mighty fine, but it won't do for *me*. Why, if I were to go into it, who would look after all my temples, and what would become of my pupils? No, indeed, take your books away." Six months more elapsed, and the temple-of-all-the-gods was still without a keeper, the Managers, according to custom, allowing the revenues to accumulate. Wild tales had been in circulation of the sums the young priest was to receive from foreigners for the pertinacity he displayed. Anxious to regain his services, which appeared to rise in value in proportion to their difficulty of securing them, his townsmen made careful inquiries as to what his actual receipts had been, and what his prospects might be. To their intense surprise, the receipt turned out to be nothing, and the prospects for the future the same. The ten-acre family farm was the only support for all. During the summer, the priest was found to have been hoeing corn at sixty cash per day, and during the winter weaving cloth. Other support he had visibly none. This revelation led to a change in tactics. He was no longer accused of mercenary motives, but urged to come back, that he might earn a decent support. His persistent refusal made enemies of his friends, by whom he is regarded as a hardened young monster—for after all these varied experiences he is but little over thirty years of age—and is treated by many of his townsmen with an indifference or an open contempt, which

he regards with good natured amusement. He has embraced every opportunity to publish his present religious views, and already has a few well disposed inquirers among his neighbors. One of these, a youth of one-and-twenty and an orphan, was discharged from his situation, because he insisted upon wearing his catechism in his cap, and conning its pages while he was resting. For the same reason he has parted with his sister, and brother-in-law, and stands in an attitude of self-reliant abeyance, wearing his catechism as a banner, resolved now that he has bought, as he supposes, the truth, to sell it not. The duplex aspect of Missionary work has been already the subject of remark. One is led at times to wonder how any one is ever brought to accept a doctrine so heavily weighted with disadvantages as that of the Bible, especially in a land like China, where a threefold cord holds men in spiritual bondage. Yet when individual instances of the sort just described come to notice, one can not help asking why they should not yet become common, nor refrain from reflecting upon their possible consequences. If this young priest becomes a Preacher, his voice might reach many inaccessible to the testimony of others, and his pregnant experiences might bid him do the work of a mighty iconoclast.

One of the great difficulties of mission work in all lands, is that of securing suitable native assistants. Whatever the Shepherd may himself accomplish, the chief labor must always be done by his Helpers. They are his hands, his feet, and his eyes. In some respects it is perhaps easier to secure native assistants in China, than in any other country. The Chinese are born talkers, and their capacity for listening is unrivalled. Amid the thousands of unemployed educated men, it will prove no difficult matter to find some who are struck with the peculiarities of the new doctrine, and who are willing to devote their talents to the task of explaining its tenets to their countrymen—for a consideration. His apparent success in his quest, becomes the source of the Shepherd's deepest trials. The Chinese are a people with a civilization of their own. At first the foreign Shepherd finds it difficult or even impossible to understand it, and to the Occidental of longest experience, China is the land of ever fresh surprises. It should never be forgotten, moreover, that the Shepherd who is best informed of the lives and characters of his converts, knows after all, but the merest fraction of what is to be known. Whatever his sagacity—upon which it is as well, by the way, not to place excessive reliance—there is much which he can no more be certain to interpret, than a blind man can follow the conversation of the deaf and dumb. Sincerity is indeed one of the principal virtues of the Chinese ideal,

but perhaps there is no country where sincerity is so rare. Thus, education, customs, and difference of moral standard, combine to enhance difficulties in themselves by no means small. The convert who stands before his Shepherd in his study—what does he know, what can he know of that Shepherd's mental outlook? The books about him which fill the library shelves—History, Metaphysics, Science, Art, Theology, these are to him as much sealed volumes as the roll of the Apocalypse. He has no ideas, and no beginnings of ideas corresponding to their rich and varied contents, so full of meaning to one who holds the key. He lives in a different world from his Shepherd, and their lives touch only at the religious point of contact. A Shepherd may indeed contrive to take commendably good care of his flock, without in the least knowing what a sheep thinks, nor the complex motives which govern his acts, but he must be prepared for the unexpected and must look for the unforeseen. A Missionary who begins a new work with native agents of whom he has no experience, resembles an amateur chemist experimenting with unknown substances, some of which will, and others of which will not, combine, and there is no reason to be surprised at occasional explosions.

Scarcely any social instinct seems more deeply ingrained in the Chinese, than the dread of giving offense. It covers all sins of omission, from the silent contemplation of an act of pocket-picking, up to misprision of treason. It vitally affects the relation of Helpers to each other and to the members of the Church, and until done away, will apparently prove a secure barrier against any valuable form of Church self-government. Dr. Johnson is reported as responsible for the dictum that the most difficult thing in the world to secure is a fact. There are times in Chinese Church history when it would seem as well that there were no facts to be secured. Two of the Helpers who have been prominent in the work in this field, deserve brief notice, one of whom has already been mentioned as the first made convert. For thirty years he had been in sundry sects, being a confirmed and incurable "Doctrine-Lover." By the time he entered the Church, he was in middle life, widely known and generally respected, but without much education. He was the factotum during the famine relief, and has been a factotum ever since. His acquaintance with men, knowledge of almost every variety of practical matters, unfailing good temper, and unwearied diligence, have been invaluable. It is never safe to guarantee the characters of one's native assistants, yet it should be said, that although this man can narcotize an audience in a summer afternoon more swiftly and more surely than almost any other native assistant, there is no known evidence of any deviation

from veracity or integrity in the six or eight years since his employment, during which time many thousand dollars have passed through his hands in famine relief and otherwise. No man can occupy a position of this nature, without becoming a marked character, often misjudged alike by the heathen without, and by his brethren within. The other individual is in every respect a contrast. A Confucian scholar, he took the degree of Flourishing Talent at the age of twenty, and then wasted above twenty years more in vain efforts to take something else. He had been for years a school-teacher, and had passed through the ordeal of examinations more times than he could remember, when on his return from one of these excursions to Peking, he wandered into the chapel at Tientsin, where he afterward received baptism. Although less than two years in connection with the work in Shantung, he has exerted a remarkable influence. "An Elephant must be caught by Elephants," says the current aphorism, and this man of Confucian lore, polished manners, gentle suavity, and imposing presence, was the very instrument with which to allure Confucian Elephants, although in the end very few of them did not again break loose. But it was on the common people that such a man has the strongest hold. With a wave of his supple wrists, he could silence a yard full of turbulent boys. With a mouthful of quotations, he could set a room-full of adults agape, and keep them so for an hour. His knowledge of Scripture was extensive, and in aptness of illustration, combined with quickness of perception, and felicity of phrase, he was alone with no second. Scarcely less pre-eminent were his qualifications as attorney-at-law. He knew all about yamêns—could write petitions, dictate procedures, and advise as to what should next be done in any given case. He was a legal Oracle. His temperament and disposition fitted him to be a go-between in every variety of emergency. In brief he became, in a few short months the *sine-quanon* of the work in Shantung. As the school-boys' definition of salt, described it as what spoiled the potatoes when you did not put it in, so the popular conception of this useful Helper might be said to be, that he ruined everything in which he had no hand, merely by his absence. Yet this man of erudition and sagacity, knew nothing of business. He had once been something in a Chinese Bank, with no other success than allowing himself to be reduced to penury by frauds which he never suspected. He could not travel without a convoy, and he always proved somewhat more difficult of transportation than a corpse. He could not cook himself a meal, though he starved in penalty. He could not even mount a donkey, without one man at the head-stall and another at the stirrup, and when once mounted,

he was as helpless as an Indian traveller in a *howdah*. But worse than all these combined, this ex-banker, and cosmopolitan Confucian Christian convert, knew absolutely nothing of—money! Except this, to wit, that it is very necessary, and that he himself never had any. The process by which this Chinese skimpole contrived to run himself into debt forty fathoms deep, with the vainly struggling Shepherds, would perhaps make angels weep, but the present reader would not probably care for it, and he shall be spared its infliction. The Helper in question has been already likened to an Elephant. There is a story of one of these quadrupeds on a railway-train, who stretched down his proboscis into the tender, and drank up all the water, bringing the train to a stand-still. In like manner in this case it became necessary to get rid of the Elephant, before the procession could move on.

The importance of establishing training classes for the instruction of such Church members as give promise of future usefulness, is generally recognized. Yet the work is not without grave difficulties. In a country where multitudes of the highly intelligent are among the miserably poor, the temptation to secure comfortable rations for a winter, under cover of studying doctrine, is often irresistible. “The tiger’s heart is hidden by his hair;” who is to decide who will and who will not prove to be a chosen vessel?

One man of good abilities within a few months of his baptism, returned his copy of the New Testament with a sort of ode of his own composition, indited upon the cover, of which this was the refrain: “Since the doctrine they teach is so true, how is it my claims are neglected?” It is superfluous to observe, that this was the last ever heard of him, or his claims. In another instance a young man, once a school-teacher, had studied for some months at two different times. When the class was broken up, he rather reluctantly returned to his home, and the case was tersely stated by his old grand-father, who was as dissatisfied as the rest of the family: “What! two winters wasted in study, and *still* not fit?”

To some of the difficulties in connection with Sunday worship, reference has been repeatedly made. Where seets abound, the custom of meeting in private houses, and of fixed contributions to aid in defraying general expenses, is already established. To transfer these habits to Christian uses, might appear a comparatively easy task, but in the item of contributions at least, the reverse is the general experience. It is an instinct of human nature to endeavor to get something for nothing, and while old superstitions seem to be almost automatic in their exactions, any remote approach toward self-support

[September-

in Christian Churches is at the price of long and patient cultivation. In the matter of meeting places also, the path is not altogether smooth. The man who offers his house, is not perhaps the man to whose house his neighbors care to go, but a meeting once begun, it is difficult to change without giving offense. Private quarrels, everywhere abundant, and generally unmanageable, will keep some away from almost any place that could be chosen, and Chinese notions on the subject of total separation between the sexes, do not facilitate matters. As the meeting grows larger, the perplexities increase, and he who invited the gathering is not infrequently anxious to get rid of it. Chinese conceptions of hospitality are likewise a standing menace to the stability of services once established. The householder must be perpetually "roasting water" for tea, and it will be well if the temporary chapel be not rather a smoke-house during the hours of meeting. The question of providing fuel, of tea-leaves, nay even of the water itself, has been known to excite bad feeling, and break up an appointment altogether. It would appear, at times, that the mere item of benches alone, could scarcely be the cause of more annoyance, were they leased for the occasion by Satan himself. In the country districts, the people are accustomed to three meals a day. That he should take with him merely a little dry lunch, seems to an average Chinese, a suggestion truly amazing. To praetermit a meal altogether, is to outrage the finest feelings of his nature. Yet no man who opens his house for a meeting, can provide a dinner for all those who attend, while on the other hand calmly to eat one's own food in the presence of a house full of friends, neighbors, and fellow Christians, who are passive spectators, is to do violence to the Five Constant Virtues and to all the Proprieties. To an Anglo-Saxon, these obstacles appear trifling, and possibly beneath notice; but the Chinese are not Anglo-Saxons, and to the Chinese these trifles and others like them, are smoke to the eyes, vinegar to the teeth, gravel in the shoes, and wasps in the hair. Patient perseverance in a judicious enlightenment of the young Churches, will in time, overcome many of these impediments, but the task is not one of rapid execution. There are special difficulties in China connected with female converts. If the male members of their families are still heathen, no check can be put upon the persecution which the latter may inflict, and the former suffer. In this region, such persecution is happily quite unknown. Domestic duties, however, often effectually prevent the appearance of the women. A small boy yelling under a window that it is time to go home and get the dinner, will perhaps cause the sudden disappearance of a room full of women in the midst of a Communion service. The

age of the old women, the youth of the young, and the bound feet of all, make it difficult for any of them to go to meetings at a distance, and, as a rule, they will seldom go beyond the nearest village. At times, a disposition is developed in each several hamlet to become itself a place of meeting, which is of course, on every account impracticable, whereupon the members, if they can not have a service all to themselves, decline to go at all. The listening capacity of the Chinese has been remarked, but everyone of the least experience is aware that no effectual order can be secured until the innate instinct of perpetual sipping of tea, and smoking of pipes, has been temporarily throttled. The women are often an exception to the respect apparent for decorum. Many of them come to the meeting staggering under the weight of children half as large as themselves, who have never been governed, nor even in the least restrained. The women themselves too, have never in their lives been placed in any circumstances in which they were unable to use their tongues as long and as freely as they pleased. The whinings of the children, and the chattering of their mothers are, except after long effort, alike irrepressible. It will be fortunate if some woman does not excite the laughter of her comrades, by a facial contortion upon receiving the Communion wine, with the audible remark, that it tastes like pepper; or if in the midst of a prayer, the master of the house do not roar at a bean-curd pedlar in the street, that it is the Lord's day, and he may as well *jog on!* The experienced reader will not, however, infer that because the Shepherd has in his flock one man who does not happen to care for bean-curd of a Sunday morning in prayer-time, any approach has been made to a settlement of the hard question how that day should be kept in China. Rains and dust-storms will of course lessen or at times entirely prevent attendance on services. "When it blows—one half; when it rains—none at all," says the adage, and it is vain to attempt to alter the habits of a nation which goes about with uncovered heads and with cloth shoes. The struggle for existence is keen, and often doubtful. By far the largest number of Church members come from the poorer class. Few employés in shops, or school-teachers, can regularly absent themselves a seventh of the time, without losing their subsistence, and often to their own undoing. The periodical Fairs are a great obstruction to any form of Sabbath keeping. With many, the week's earnings are involved in that single day, and, like the man in the parable, they "can not come." Farmers also have their emergencies—planting time—wheat harvest—fruit gathering, when the orchards must be watched every hour for weeks—and cotton picking. When these obstacles are so powerful, that even in Christian Vermont and

Minnesota, men are found harvesting on Sundays, as usual, is it to be wondered at that the like difficulties in China are so strongly felt?* In Shantung, especially the number of those who can read is but a small fraction of the whole. How shall the totally uneducated men, and all the uneducated women spend their Sundays? Doubtless we must aim at an ideal, and doubtless Christianity can settle as many problems as it raises, but when and how, it is by no means easy to foresee. Some of the embarrassments to which allusion has been made, apply to the question of the conditions upon which members should be received into the Church—a question perpetually discussed, and yet always wide open. The hope of gain, as a possible motive to seeking Church membership, especially in localities where famine relief has once been distributed, must of course be always in mind; yet care in confining whatever may be expended in charity, to the smallest sums, and then only to the very poor, combined with unwearied exposition and illustration of the function of Christianity, will in time do much to make the matter plain even to the dullest apprehension. A man of a selfish grasping temper, who had prepared a long list of nearly an hundred families, and embracing more than 330 names, all of whom were ready to "follow Jesus," disappeared the moment he was sure that the Jesus doctrine was "hollow," and enlisted under the Romanists, who made him happy by taking his house in pawn for ten thousand cash. Avarice is indeed a malarial poison, in China as elsewhere, but can it be more prevalent than for example in Syria, among the Arabs and other nationalities, where, as Dr. Thompson informs us, one's religion is regarded as of course a matter of barter, like a horse or a farm, and that after an experience of twenty-five years he could not recall a single instance in which an inquirer was not at first influenced by avaricious motives.† It is not strange that the doctrines and phraseology of a religion so at variance with all Chinese modes of thought, should occasion, at the outset, much perplexity, especially to the uneducated. Thus, where the expression *Sheng Ling* (聖靈) is used for the Holy Spirit, it is perpetually confounded with the Soul *Ling Hun* (靈魂); the Scriptures *Sheng Ching*

* Statistics which have been collected in recent years, with a view to ascertain the number of actual Church goers in several of the larger cities of the United States by means of a simultaneous count in all the Churches, go to show that the attendance at any one service is rarely more than one half of the whole number who consider themselves as connected with the congregation. In one congregation, for example, the minister's written list of families showed over 800 persons who counted that their Church home, yet the actual attendance was less than 600, and one third of these were strangers or persons not identified with the congregation. Facts of this kind should not be overlooked when the initial difficulties of establishing regular religious services in China, are the subject of consideration.

† *Land and the Book*, Vol. II. Ch. xxvii.

(聖經) are classed as one of the Trinity; it is the undying soul which yet is raised from the dead; Jehovah was *transmigrated* into Jesus; at the creation of man, God blew *eight* breaths into his nostrils (八口氣), or as one lad more plausibly observed one breath, making one soul, adding that had he blown twice more, that would have made three souls (三魂). According to the current notion, the good go to heaven and become spirits (成神) and fairies (成仙), the bad fall into the river Styx (*Nai Ho*) (奈河); it is useless to pray except before meals—though these are not the occasions, it would be supposed, in which Chinese most require supernatural assistance; Christ died for the world on a grape-vine frame (a confounding of the expressions in the catechism *p'u t'ao chih tzu* (葡萄汁子), with *shih tzu chia tzu* (十字架子)). This was an old man's exegesis of the Trinity:—The Father, one (一); the Son, two (二); the Holy Spirit, three (三); but still, (drawing the perpendicular stroke) only one Lord (主). “What do you ask me?” said an old woman. “Who is it that I depend on? At my time of life and no son, what should I depend on but on the Lord?”

Of persecution there has been, thus far, little or none. Occasionally a school-teacher is ordered to abstain from attending Sunday services, or lose his situation. Members of a family not infrequently meet opposition and contempt at home. The Chinese practice of living, several families in a single court-yard, acts as a constant and powerful check to the timid, all of whose movements are known and marked. One old woman walked several miles to revile the teacher who had educated her son, and then drawn him into this foreign superstition. The general attitude, however, is either one of indifference, with the admission that the doctrine is good for those who have the time and taste for it, or that of inquiry. The population is excessively dense, with villages on the average less than a mile apart, and the distance to which some glimmer of the Gospel light penetrates in every direction, is very great. The hold of idolatry is by no means powerful, yet there is a wonderful momentum in even this apparently spent force. Many gods are annually destroyed—generally paper ones, as the people are too poor to own brass idols. Rolls of these paper divinities are from time to time sent in. One man listened for a short time to the first impeachment of idolatry he had ever heard, and then went home, took down his gods which were painted on a large sheet of cloth, boiled the stuff to remove the coloring matter, and had it made into a wadded garment. He has not embraced Christianity, but he has abandoned superstition. Reject the false, embrace the true (棄假歸真), says the familiar phrase. The first of

these if not always easy, is at least not always difficult, but the second is a totally different matter. The mental attitude of many Chinese toward Christianity, may be illustrated by the mental attitude of Occidentals toward the cremation reform. The objections to the practice of sepulture are many and cogent. Why, as Lord Palmerston pithily inquires, should we make so much of the privilege of being decomposed under the feet of those who survive us? The space thus withdrawn from useful purposes is extensive, and constantly increasing. City cemeteries are a fruitful source of plagues, and to bury city residents in suburban or rural localities, involves an expense to which there is no apparent limit, so that only the rich can now afford to be buried. Let the practice of cremation become general, and all this waste is checked at the fountain head. An abrupt period is put to the revolting crimes of grave-robbing, and body-snatching. Earth returns to earth, and ashes to ashes, in the shortest and most effective method, no longer by festering corruption but by fires of purification. Such arguments as these might be urged by the advocates of cremation, nor is it easy to see how they could be answered. "And what did the world say to your paradoxes?" asks the Vicar of Wakefield of his son, who had endeavored to startle the Parisians by his publications. "The world," was the melancholy reply, "the world said nothing to my paradoxes." The world, as a whole, makes the same eloquent reply to the cremationists, and goes on quietly decomposing under the feet of the survivors, as if no other method had ever been conceived possible. Heathenism is riddled with Christian shot in every direction. Idolatry has no longer a leg to stand upon, yet there it stands, all the same as if it had. The same instinct which leads men to go on burying their families in the good old way, leads the Chinese to go on as their fathers and grandfathers did before them. It may not, perhaps, be the best possible way, but it is the only way which takes any hold of their natures, and therefore they walk in it to the end.

The causes of the comparatively rapid development of the work in this field are, humanly speaking, simply persistent efforts to follow up the opening providentially offered by the famine and the famine relief. Within the three years since that relief began, the field has been visited by laborers from nearly every station in the mission, and work for women by Missionary ladies has been a prominent feature. The aggregate of Missionary effort has been the equivalent of the constant presence of one person all the time, but this work has been conducted at such disadvantages of distance, that the mission in the Spring of 1880 resolved to open a new station, which is at once to be

occupied. The number of Church members at the close of the Mission year—March 31st, 1881—was somewhat over three hundred (about one-third of whom are women), and had not been increased within the preceding twelve-months. These members are scattered through more than sixty villages, almost all of which are situated in one *hsien* district (恩縣), (nearly all within two hours' ride of the central station), and but three villages have more than twenty members each. It is safe to say, that in two-thirds, if not three-fourths of the villages within this small space, Christianity has no visible hold at all. For nearly twenty years Missionaries had been preaching in North China, mostly in chapels, and on the streets. The famine opened to inspection private houses by the ten thousand. Probably more Chinese families were visited by Missionaries during the year of famine, than by all the Protestant Missionaries that ever lived in China, during the two generations since Morrison first came to this inhospitable land. It was something to unlock so many doors with the famine key; it is infinitely more to lead those who felt the famine to feel now a hunger for the bread of life. No work could be more important, and few, it would seem, more promising. It was the celebrated Andrew Fuller who exclaimed: "We have a gold-mine in India," and it was William Carey who responded: "I will go down, if you will hold the ropes." Every successful mission is a gold-mine. The expert geologist is able to ascertain, from superficial indications, whether the expense of sinking deep shafts will be compensated by the probable yield. The most experienced Missionary miner often finds himself at fault. Fields which have been long worked, and in fact already abandoned, have sometimes eventually yielded the most abundant treasure, while others upon which enormous pains and expenditure have been lavished, have seemed to turn out little but iron pyrites and disappointment. When miners are simply prospecting they scatter. When a rich lead is struck, we know what happens. We have seen vast continental areas populated in a single year. The history of California and of Australia, is the history of the Children of this World, who are, in their generation, wiser than the Children of Light. There are missions whose laborers are dispersed over enormous spaces. Some have toiled all night and caught nothing, while others are vainly struggling to drag to land their heavy nets. Is this wise Missionary fishing?

Half a score of Protestant Missionary Societies are laboring in the adjacent provinces of Shantung and Chihli, with no division of their fields, scarcely any common point of contact unless it be that of intersection, and with the slightest possible knowledge of each other's

methods or success. Are we to infer that the ideal of Missionary mining is attained, or must we perhaps conclude that it is not in the least in sight? At present the need is not so much for opportunities, as for a sanctified sagacity which shall lead to the wisest use of the opportunities which already exist.

A SKETCH OF THE LIEN-CHOW RIVER IN CANTON PROVINCE.

BY REV. B. C. HENRY, M.A.

THE province of Canton is not so devoid of variety and charm in natural scenery as those whose observation has been restricted to the southern and eastern portions might suppose. It has revealed its rarest beauties to the eyes of but few from the outside world; and still has many untrodden paths in its sylvan retreats and mountain fastnesses which invite the lovers of nature to exploration.

For the sake of distinction in describing the scenery, we may divide the surface of the land into four sections or groups. The first of these represents the broad alluvial plains with their rich fields under perpetual cultivation, supporting populous cities and wealthy communities. Though dull, monotonous, and inexpressibly dreary to those whose eyes are compelled to look across them from month to month, yet these plains form the great fountains of wealth and are the sources of supply for the numerous wants of the crowded millions of the province. The second division is composed of the hills that rise in undulating ridges along the water-courses or form the smaller water-sheds of the numerous minor streams that unite in the large rivers. They relieve the monotony of the plains, but are mostly innocent of any picturesque beauty, being stripped of their primitive forests and left utterly bare, or covered only with long mountain grass which busy hands annually cut away and carry off for fuel. Their utter barrenness soon wearies the eye, and the mind turns for relief from the actual picture to one painted by the imagination, in which these smooth bleak hills are covered with trees and verdure, while flowers and rich foliage gladden the eye and cheer the heart. In the third division we place the isolated groups of hills and mountains—such as Loh-fow (羅浮), Sai-tsiu (西樵), Teng-u (鼎湖), Fi-loy (飛來), and others. These are bright oases scattered here and there through a land otherwise uninteresting. Their intrinsic charms are enhanced by contrast with the surrounding monotony. Their rocky cliffs, their wooded slopes, their sparkling waterfalls, their cool and fern clad glens, vocal with the songs of birds, combine to form most

inviting retreats, where toil and care may be for a time forgotten. But it is in the last division that our province rises, in the beauty and grandeur of its scenery, to the level of those justly celebrated portions of the globe, where nature is seen in her sublimer phases. The mountain ranges that rise along the northern and western borders and whose approaches extend for many leagues into the province, are filled with every variety of mountain and woodland scenery. In this region lies the subject of our sketch, the Lien-chow River, which rises in the extreme north-western corner of the province and flows down one hundred and twenty miles, through a country of wonderful beauty, until it joins the waters of the North or Ching (清) river, at the foot of the "Blind Bay" pass. The mouth of the river is reached after a journey of one hundred and eighty miles by water from Canton, which journey may be considerably shortened by taking the overland route to Shek Kok. The last twenty miles of this journey on the North River, by the increasing height of the hills and their closer proximity to the river, give promise of what is coming. As we enter the narrow stream of the Lien-chow River, which flows out between bulwarks of mighty hills on either side, we soon find ourselves hemmed in by mountains that come down to the water's edge; not continuous chains, but rounded hills and peaks, with valleys and ravines intervening, down which flow brooks of clear and sparkling water. These hills are fairly covered with a young growth of pine and other trees. At the foot of nearly every hill, and at the mouth of every little stream, are anchored large wood boats, which, during the dry season especially, gather their cargoes of fire-wood for transportation to the south. The river winds continuously and reveals itself only in short sections. Each turn in its course introduces some new object of interest and throws fresh light on those already seen. As we pass along the foot of some steep, pine-clad hill, on the one side before us, on the opposite bank stretches a rich grove of graceful bamboos, whose glistening ferns and verdant plumes present a picture one never ceases to admire. A walk through such a grove with the ground softly carpeted with the delicate leaves is a real solace, after a hot and tiresome day. About two miles from the mouth of the river we find a very small stream coming in from the south, and following its course between the hills for nearly half a mile we come to the "Three Wells Fall" (三井水), where the stream, broad and shallow above, gathers its waters into a narrower space and falls about fifteen feet into three circular bowls or wells which it has worn for itself in the black rock beneath. Impatient of restraint, it boils and foams, lashing the smooth sides of the narrow enclosures, until it

escapes into the transparent pool a few feet below; from which, after pausing a moment to recover its strength, it starts again on its musical journey down to the river.

Another mile up the river brings us to the market town of Ha-po (下步), which is reached by a narrow foot-bridge over a small stream to the east, and is walled in by a fine grove of bamboos to the north and west. For some distance beyond this the river flows between hills of red clay soil which are streaked with the marks of numerous land slides, and are covered more or less thickly with trees and shrubs. Some of them have patches of cultivated land extending to their very tops from which a meagre crop of maize or pea-nuts reward the toil of the husbandman. Numerous lime-kilns appear in the groves along the banks, and here and there small stretches of level land are carefully prepared for the cultivation of rice. Passing several insignificant hamlets, we come, after five miles travel, to Sui-she (小射) market, which is distinguished by a grove of tall pines that rise behind the village. Two miles beyond this, a stream of some importance called Wong-chai-shui (黃寨水), flows in from the south-west. Its length is about forty miles, and scores of little light draft boats bring down wood and produce from the hill-country through which it passes. Three market towns on its banks afford centres of trade for the people. And a monastery on a picturesque hill near Shui-pin (水邊), the first of these markets, supplies the religious element. The people in this valley are all Puntis. The dress of the well-to-do women, of whom I saw a number, is somewhat like that of the Tartar women in Canton. The upper jacket is long, reaching nearly to the feet. Their feet, while bound, are not compressed into such a painfully small size as is usual in the southern districts, and not to such an extent as to interfere with their walking. Leaving this stream we are soon in sight of the first group of limestone hills, which rise black and craggy in bold contrast to the smooth undulating hills of a softer formation near by. One huge cliff partly overhangs the water, and underneath its projecting side, just above the surface of the water, is a peculiar formation in which we vainly look for a resemblance to an "inverted bonze," which is the name it has received from the natives. On one side of the cliff is an extensive limestone quarry, and the gleam of the freshly detached limestone flashes out among the shrubs and bushes. At this point the river makes a long detour, while the foot-path crosses a depression in the hills and shortens the journey by several miles. Both routes are full of interest; we take that by the river first, and leaving the jagged, pointed peaks of the limestone cliffs, are soon among the smooth rounded hills again

as we enter the Pak-yeung-shui (白羊水) Pass. At the foot of this pass we come to the first of the many rapids that are the most serious obstacle in the way of travel up this river. The pass we enter is about five miles long and is in the form of a semi-circle. Its beauty is of a quiet shade; no rocky cliffs, no sombre forests, but smooth, grass clad hills, over which the shadows of the passing clouds chase each other, and a dreamy feeling of forgetfulness steal upon us as we watch them. Over the brow and down the precipitous side of every hill facing the river is a deep and well-worn track, down which the bundles of wild mountain grass are shot, to be gathered below and carefully stowed away for fuel. On the southern side of the pass the arc of the semi-circle is scarcely broken; but on the northern side it is divided into equal segments by a stream of clear and limpid water, whose existence is unsuspected until we come directly abreast of it; the reason for this being that a low hill lies almost immediately in front of the opening in the hills through which it flows, shutting out the view of it from the east and south. It is a beautiful stream, deep and cool, with numerous rocks rising in its bed. As we follow its course through the notch in the hills, we find it flows through a picturesque valley, broadly open to the north, but walled in on the east and west by rocky cliffs of igneous formation, and running to a sharp point at its southern extremity. In this valley are five or six villages, and the small market town of Chuk-t'in (竹田), where an interchange of commodities among the people is accomplished, once in every five days. At the head of the pass another set of rapids detains the traveler and allow him time to examine a temple in the midst of a grove of trees on the northern bank, before he makes his entrance into the broad and fertile plain of Sai-ngaü-t'am (西牛潭), in the centre of which is a market town of the same name, at which the foot-path referred to above comes down to the river again. We go back to where this path leaves the river on the other side of the hills and follow it up the mountain. In a short time we are in an amphitheatre of hills, with perpendicular peaks on all sides, rocky, jagged, full of rifts and crevices, and covered with verdure wherever a handful of soil affords sufficient hold for the roots. We ascend several hundred feet before we reach the pass in the hills, beyond which the road begins to descend. From this picturesque pass, flanked on either side by piled up masses of rock, of all shapes and dimensions, we look out upon the plain of Sai-ngaü (西牛) which is in shape like a round basin about six miles in diameter, encircled on all sides by hills. It is a charming picture, the whole plain being under cultivation, the fields of rice, sugar-cane, pea-nuts, etc., yielding a fair

increase. Villages, with their leafy fringes of evergreen hiding the squalor and unsightliness as with a mantle of charity, dot the plain in all directions. The river makes an extensive sweep through it. Entering from the north, it flows first south, then east, and turning to the north again, departs through the pass just described. The plain is peopled by an enterprising colony of Hakkas. The stockade villages, forts and barricades in the mountains bear witness to their struggles in the past, while the decay and disuse of these means of defence point to the peace and quiet that has come to them in these later years. The people are civil and even polite to the stranger. They listen with evident interest to the preaching of the Missionary and buy Christian books with great readiness. Descending from the pass the road leads us along the base of some wonderful hills that rise abruptly to a height of several hundred feet, the whole sides of some of them being covered with a tangled mass of vines and shrubs, with ferns of rare beauty hanging gracefully from the crevices. Turning into a side path that leads up a depression in the hillside, down which a mountain brook tumbles, we find a fort still kept in good repair. A precipitous wall of rock on one side and a broad ditch on the other make it comparatively secure. Its white walls render it a conspicuous object for a long distance and give it the appearance of a temple rather than a fort. A short distance beyond this fort, on the main path, we come to an opening in the hills from which a small brook issues. Entering the valley that extends to the south-east at this point, we soon come to the "Clear Cloud Cave" (青雲巖), which opens on the southern side of the hill and extends nearly one hundred yards into the solid rock of which the hill is composed. Whatever charms it may once have possessed have been obscured by the smoke and debris of idolatrous worship. The people evidently regard the cave with superstitious reverence; for, on each of the two occasions when I visited it, we had scarcely reached the place before a crowd of people, warned of our approach by some one on the look out, had gathered, and were performing their genuflections, offering incense and sounding the bell and drum, evidently with the design of putting their patron deities on the alert to counteract any evil schemes we might have on foot. There are several smaller caves in the adjacent hills, and report places a large one in this vicinity, but its exact location is a matter of doubt. There are remains of ancient mining operations made in search of precious metals in these hills, and the people declare them to be stored with rich treasures which fear of disturbing the geomantic equilibrium prevents them from making any effort to secure. After traversing this plain by boat or on foot, we come to the "Seven

Li" pass (七里峽), which lies directly north and south. Its name indicates its length, and the deep, placid water flows through it with scarcely a ripple on its surface, until its stream divides a short distance below, at the head of a small island, and falls noisily over the pebbly descent of some rapids. The walls of this pass are composed of mound-like hills, without trees or shrubs, brown and barren in the Autumn and Winter, but beautifully green in Spring and Summer, when they look like great emerald cushions, soft and inviting.

Emerging from this pass, we enter another broad plain which centres around the large town of Hom-kwong (含光), whose towers appear in sight soon after we pass the little market village of Ü-tsui (魚嘴). As the boat comes opposite the town, we find further progress barred by a bridge of boats, chained together and stretching across the stream. This bridge is in aid of the Custom House, and prevents the passage of boats up or down until an examination has been made and the requisite permission granted. Sometimes the throng of boats is so great that a delay of many hours has to be endured; but usually upon presentation of his passport, the foreigner's boat is allowed to go on its way without detention. Hom-kwong (含光) is a town of perhaps 20,000 people, who, on the advent of foreigners, are curious to the extreme of rudeness, and are said to be rather quarrelsome among themselves, a proof of this being shown us as we passed up the river one day and saw a number of men, in a house that projected over the water, in a state of great excitement, pelting a boat that passed beneath them with stones, while the boat people responded with whatever missile came nearest to hand. The Roman Catholics have a mission station here and a considerable number of adherents. The American Presbyterians have recently secured a place in which to begin work in the town. Within a radius of ten miles there are six or seven market towns, some of them of considerable importance. The extensive plain, lying chiefly on the north side of the river, is given up to a great extent to the cultivation of sugar-cane, from which the sugar made is said to be of a superior quality.

Proceeding on our journey up the river, and ascending several rapids we pass the market town of Sam-kong (三江), and after ten miles travel, enter the Wong-mau (黃茅), or "Yellow Reed" Pass. Just below the pass, on the north side, is a striking group of hills; a dozen peaks or more of as many shapes clustering together, suggesting such names as "Sugar Loaf," "the Sphinx," "the Lion Couchant," etc., to characterize them, as they appear from different points of view. They are well worth half a day's exploration or more, if the traveler has the time to give, being full of caves of remarkable

formation, and covered with a vegetation of great variety. White and tiger lilies deck their sides in the proper season. Orchids, ferns, and an astonishing variety of creepers, add interest and beauty to the ever varying scene that moves before the eye. Through this interesting cluster of hills passes the foot-path from Sam-kong (三江) to Tai-wán (大灣), the passage over which affords a pleasant relief from the tedium of boat travel to those who are equal to a ten miles walk and clamber over a mountain path. Just before entering the pass, our attention is directed to a rocky prominence overhanging the water, where it flows deep and tranquil before descending the rapids. Its sides are full of holes in which great numbers of birds find shelter and fill the air with their noisy chatter as they come home in the evening. On its summit are several houses in a position that the lovers of a breezy situation might envy. The "Yellow Reed" Pass has no striking features to distinguish it; the hills are smooth and regular; the waters deep and quiet. It is a favorable place for fishing with cormorants; and the effect produced by the light bamboo rafts of the fishermen, with their flaming torches, passing under the dark shadows of the hills in the stillness of the night, is very striking. Beyond this pass, the level space of cultivated land on either side of the river widens again, broken into by hills on the east and north, and walled in by a semi-circle of higher hills, rising one above the other to the south and west. Set against the background of these hills is the market town of Má-pó (馬步), whose well preserved stockade, fronting on the river, gives it the appearance of a small walled city. The hills that rise behind the town are very fine, some of them being covered with trees to their summits, presenting a richness of vegetation and a variety of scenery that attracts one irresistibly toward them. Half a mile up the river from Má-pó (馬步), passing over unusually stiff rapids, we come to the town of Tai-wán (大灣), situated, as the name indicates, on the great bend which the river makes at this point. To the east of the town is a beautiful hill, thickly wooded, with temples among the trees; at the foot of this hill a small stream of wonderfully sweet and clear water comes in from the north. So cold is the water, that in August it was scarcely comfortable to bathe in, showing its source to be in the deep, perennial fountains that well up from the base of the grand old hills piled in huge masses to the north. The scenery about Tai-wán (大灣) is simply charming. All the varieties of woodland and plain, of hill and mountain, of river and brook, the quiet charm of cultivated fields, with occasional glimpses of the world beyond, which the passes at either end of the great bend shut out, combine to make it unusually attractive. The

people are, for the most part, civil, although capable of great insolence and even violence, as has been proved on more than one occasion. The population of the town is about 10,000. The Romanists have a mission here, with a foreign priest residing in the town.

A short run from Tai-wan (大灣) bring us to the Sam-hap (三峽) Pass, the dividing line between the Ying-tak (英德) and Yeung-shan (陽山) districts. A roaring rapid impedes our progress below the pass. This being conquered, we soon enter the narrow defile, and in half an hour are opposite a narrow gorge that divides the hills on the south-west side, down which a beautiful stream of crystal water flows. The narrow passage allows no foot-hold on the margin of the stream, so we climb the shoulder of the hill to the right, from which we look down into its limpid depths and see the great boulders strewing the bottom, and fishes a foot or more long, darting in and out among the rocks. After walking a few hundred yards along the narrow path on the steep hillside, we find a place where we can descend to the water's edge, where in the shadow of the cliff, with the water dashing at our feet, we drink in the beauty of the scene; it is a picture that memory loves to revert to. The hill on the one side is bare, except at its base, having at the time of our visit, been recently desolated by fire; but the one on the other side is covered with the richest vegetation. Rendered almost inaccessible by the peculiar formation and position of the rocks, its floral treasures remain where nature has produced them. By some mighty convulsion the strata of rocks have been upheaved until, broken asunder, they stand perpendicularly on their edges, and in the interstices between the strata masses of verdure spring forth in the greatest luxuriance. Ferns, tripling their usual size, orchids, begonias, etc., flourish in great vigor. At the head of the gorge, which is scarcely two furlongs in extent, the little stream divides, its two branches encircling the base of a series of hills, whose sides are devoted to the cultivation of tea-fields of this fragrant shrub stretching in verdant squares almost to the tops of the hills.

Emerging from Sam-hap Pass, a panorama of mountain scenery of exquisite beauty gradually unfolds before our delighted vision. Immediately in front, and first to greet our eyes, rises a great mass of castellated rock with a dome-like summit, standing like the castle of some feudal chief, guarding the narrow passage of the river. Soon other peaks make their appearance, one by one, to the number of twelve or fourteen, grand, rugged and picturesque they are, united at the base, but each asserting its individuality, as it rears its rocky head aloft and assumes a shape peculiar to itself. Their rugged sides are

festooned with vines and flowers, screening the mouth of many a cavern that opens among the rocks. The accumulation of leaves and dried grass among these peaks make fine materials for the mountain fires that break out from time to time. It was our fortune, on one occasion, to spend the night at the foot of "Castle Rock," when these fires were in full blaze. The effect was wonderful. The mountains were girded by a fiery chain, its glowing links stretching over rocks and trees, and its sparkling folds falling loosely down the sides. These fires are hailed as a boon by the people, because they clear the hills for a fresh and more vigorous crop of grass for fuel, and drive away any wild animals that may be lurking in the tangled mountain growth. As we continue up the river we are met by a series of surprises. Mountains on both sides in endless variety show themselves as we proceed. Waterfalls sparkle, as the little streams pitch over some precipitous height in their course down the narrow ravines. Quail and partridges call to their companions on the hills; pheasants sometimes fly out of the fields beside us, and everything indicates that we are in a place where nature and man reigns supreme.

Leaving the boat a few miles above the pass, we direct our steps to some tower-like rocks at the foot of which lies the village of Ling-kwai (靈龜). These rocks rise several hundred feet almost perpendicularly from the plain. They are black and jagged, covered with sharp points and indentations of various shapes and sizes. Out of these crevices grow trees almost to the very top, and birds find a safe and comfortable home in the small cavities that abound. To the east of the village, the music of falling water attracts us, and a little searching brings us to a beautiful cascade that falls in a broad sheet over a wall of rock; a limestone deposit covers the ledges of the wall, and on them grows a rare and beautiful fern with downy leaves and a silvery under surface. To the west of the village is another waterfall almost hidden by a clump of bamboos. The water rushes down with such force as to be projected some distance from the wall of the precipice, and in a cavity behind the falling water, exquisite ferns, nourished by the never-failing spray, hang in rich folds. Passing these points of interest the hills again descend to the river, and in the face of the perpendicular rocks that form the shore, are many curious little cavernous openings, from which they receive the name of Kwai-lung (龜籠) rocks.

A short distance above this point, but hidden from the eye of the passing observer, is a beautiful spot embosomed in the hills, called by those who discovered it "Sabbath Glen." Its discovery was in this wise:—One Saturday evening, in our journeying, we anchored near this

point to spend the Sabbath. The mountains on either side are high and rocky, bold and picturesque, but as we passed our eyes along them, there appeared no secluded nook, and we had fondly hoped for such a spot where we might spend the Sabbath hours in quiet meditation. In the morning we took some books and went to the village near at hand, bringing the message of salvation to the few unlettered peasants who gathered to hear us; and then proceeded to a fountain of water which gushed from beneath the rock in the hillside, clear and sparkling in the sunlight. Its music we had heard as we passed along to the village and thought, perchance, we might there find the spot we wished for. It was pleasant under the shade of the lofty trees, soothed by the musical cadences of the waterfall; but the natives soon came in such numbers as to destroy our expected quietude. We went further up the hill to get beyond them, and had gone but a few steps when a scene of exquisite beauty burst upon us. There was a delightful glen, literally embosomed in the mountains. On the further side was a perpendicular wall of rock, and on the nearer side the lower hills rose like ramparts and shut it out entirely from the view of those passing on the river. Tall cliffs of unequal size rose in the midst of the glen. And between them flowed a brook of clear sweet water "chattering over stony ways in little sharps and trebles," keeping harmony with the songs of the many birds that come to feast on the fruit of the brambles that grow by the brook side. Tall, handsome grasses in luxuriant clusters, waved their heads, like rich plumes, in the passing breeze. Large trees cast a broad and generous shade under which we sat to rest. No man was there, and had it not been for signs of cultivation of the land, and some rude defences on the cliffs, we would have thought none ever had been there. No heathen temple, no idol's shrine defaced the beauteous scene, it was still in nature's purity and simplicity. The hues of Autumn, so rare in this southern clime, were painted on many of the leaves, reminding us of the beautiful and gorgeous scenes so familiar in our native land. It was a charming scene, a gem of beauty, and forms one of memory's brightest treasures; we named it "Sabbath Glen" because of the day on which we saw it first, and because it spoke to us of rest, peace and of retirement from the world.

A little way above Sabbath Glen, on the opposite side of the river, is the village of Lien-chow-bing (連州坪), behind which rises high cliffs whose caverns furnish places of refuge for the people in times of distress; the adobe walls enclosing one of these caverns being seen from the river high up on the side of the hill. On the white wall of the cliff nearest the river is a patch of yellow plaster which is

said to close the mouth of a silver mine, from which, report says, pieces of ore containing almost pure metal were taken, until it was closed by official command. Beyond the cliff of the silver mine two conspicuous peaks of almost equal size stand side by side. A short distance further on, in the same direction, is the "Fisherman" (釣魚公), a remarkable rock, perhaps one hundred and fifty feet high, leaning over the water in a manner to suggest its name. The hills in this vicinity are covered with the low shrubs of the St. John's wort, whose yellow blossoms in the Spring time, spread over them a gay mantle and add greatly to the charm of the scenery. Pushing up the river a short distance further, we come opposite the "Fortified Cliffs," to which a well-worn path up the mountain side leads us after a half-hour's climb. We enter a walled enclosure, a hollow space between two cliffs of unequal size. These cliffs look as if at some time, ages ago, they might have been one, and by some rude convulsion been rent asunder, leaving the face of the higher one white, bare, and precipitous, and causing the other to remain forever incomplete, a mere fragment of a cliff. This smaller cliff is perforated with caverns, and being fortified to the top, forms a safe and excellent look-out in times of danger, its isolated position giving it a fuller command of the valley below. In the higher cliff are several caves, the larger of which descends to a great depth into the bosom of the mountain. It is filled with a luxuriant growth of ferns, begonias, and a vine very much like the English ivy. The space between the cliffs is about one hundred yards square, filled more or less with rocks and boulders. In this mountain fortress the people of the plain have, from time to time, found a refuge from the attacks of hostile soldiers and robber bands. At one time, in the fourth year of the reign of Hain Fung (咸豐), it is said that 20,000 people fled to this place for shelter, bringing with them their cattle, household goods, etc. It is now much out of repair, the gates are gone and the walls are crumbling; the enclosure has been turned into a field for the cultivation of maize. Only foxes now inhabit the caverns, while pheasants haunt the maize field. Along the foot of these cliffs the rocks project, and on the moist banks under these projections, hang quantities of the most delicate maiden-hair ferns. Crossing the river, we find in the side of a massive cliff, another cave with a high stone wall obstructing the entrance. These mementoes of troublous times are full of pathetic interest. The poor people, whose life is but a struggle for existence at best, must have suffered fearful hardships when pursued and robbed by the desperate bands that ravaged the valley.

From the "Fortified Cliffs" it is but a short distance to the

market town of Tsing-lin (清蓮), a place of several thousand people and the centre of a considerable trade. A stream from the north, navigable by small boats, joins the river here. From this point our course turns almost directly south. On the right extends a ridge of irongray cliffs, inaccessible from the river side. One is conspicuous among the others on account of its peculiar shape, resembling a *giant thumb*, extending above the line of a closed fist. On the left, a series of tower-like cliffs appear one after the other, most of them covered from base to summit with evergreen shrubs. After going six miles in a southerly direction, our course turns again to the northwest, and at the bend in its stream the river receives the waters of a small tributary from the south, the Tsat-kung (七聳) creek. A market town, called Shui-hau (水口) is situated at the junction of the two streams. Following up this little stream for a short distance we come into a district of the most varied and interesting scenery one can find anywhere. Rocky cliffs of every shape rise out of the plain. There are towers and cones, and pinnacles, square and oblong pillars, rising one behind the other, their rocky and often inaccessible sides covered with verdure. Their variety is astonishing, no two are alike, but all are striking. In the valley of this stream, near the village of U-shui (魚水), is a cave of the same name, reputed to be very fine, but unexplored as yet by foreigners. The overland courier route from Canton by way of Shek-kok (石角) and Tsing-ün (清蓮), passes down this stream, the journey from Canton to this point being accomplished in four days, and the remainder of the journey to Lien-chow in two.

On the opposite side of the river, beyond the stretch of level fields, several peaks rise abruptly to a great height, between two of which is a ravine with a rocky path leading to an opening between the cliffs, the gateway into the mountain region beyond. Reaching this level space at a height of several hundred feet, the view to the south is most fascinating, the whole Tsat-kung (七聳) valley lies before us, with its crowded peaks showing their wondrous variety of shape and colour. Turning to the north, there lies at our feet a small circular valley, a gem of its kind; a lake of verdure set, like a jewel, in the rocky bosom of the hills. Following the path up still higher we come to a series of fortified valleys, rough and picturesque, and inaccessible enough for protection against any number of assailants. For some distance now the hills do not approach so near the river. We pass by numerous villages, surrounded by fruitful fields and immense water-wheels, each furnished with a circle of bamboo cups by which the water is turned into a trough, and thence conducted into the fields beyond.

The rapids become more frequent, and are designated by characteristic names. One is called the "Scissors Rapid" from its peculiar shape. There is the "Little Tiger" rapid, and a few rods above, the "Big Tiger," and a little further still "the Gurgling Sock." Having passed these in safety we come abreast of the Yeung-shán (陽山) pagoda, a nine-storied structure, built in the time of the Emperor Kien Lung (乾隆), and supposed to exert a propitious influence over the surrounding country. This passed, we soon come in sight of the district city of Yeung-shán (陽山), one of the smallest of its order in the province, but provided with an excellent wall and some fine public buildings. A number of temples and monasteries occupy prominent and well-chosen sites on the hills extending back of the city to the north. On the south bank of the river, opposite the city, is Shing-nám (城南) market town, in which all the business and trade of the neighborhood centres. The people in this vicinity are simple and well-disposed; at each visit they have showed us great friendliness, urging us to preach, and expressing regret at the shortness of our stay. They have a reputation for great honesty in their dealings, a trait all the more praiseworthy, because of its rarity. Within a year or two the Romanists have secured a foot-hold here, but their work is still in the initiative, and their converts few, if any. The "Three Steps" rapid in front of the city, and the "Eight Tribes" rapid just above it, tax the strength of the boat's-crew. A turn in the river, as we proceed, soon hides the city from our view and brings us to the entrance of the Lung-nga (龍牙), or "Dragon Tooth" Pass, at the head of which the "Thunder" rapid pours over the rocks. For some distance onward the bed of the river is filled with large boulders that are rather dangerous to navigation. One of these presents itself as we enter the pass, and from a half-fanciful resemblance is called the "Dragon Head" rock. On the left, a group of lofty peaks lift their heads into the clouds, among which is one of striking appearance that has attracted the eye for a long distance. It is a double mountain, rising grand and symmetrical, its two divisions well-defined and partly separated by a shallow ravine; about one hundred feet from the top it parts asunder, ending in two dome-shaped peaks, which suggest the name of "Double Dome." Its stately grandeur is often veiled by clouds that hang in fleecy curtains down its sombre sides, affording only momentary glimpses to the admiring beholder. Above the pass for several miles the hills on both sides are high, rocky, and precipitous, and the land fit for cultivation very limited. Groves of wild camellias appear on the lower hills. After passing "the Black Bird" and "the Dog Tooth" rapids, we come in full view of the opening of the great

cave, of which we have had occasional glimpses for several miles. This cave is one of the great wonders of the river, surpassing in the splendor and beauty of its architecture anything of the kind yet found in the province. The distance to it from the river is about half-a-mile, the latter part being a steep climb of several hundred feet up the side of the mountain. The mouth of the cave is partly obscured by reeds and bushes, and as we stand before it, the first impression is that of a black, dungeon-like cavern, from which blasts of moist, cold air, strike against the face. Descending about twenty-five feet we reach the floor of the cave. A feeling of awe and reverence comes over us as we look at the massive pillars, exquisitely fashioned without the aid of human skill, and, through the lofty archway in the wall that separates the outer from the inner section, catch glimpses of the white and glistening ornaments that rise from the floor, hang from the roof, and drape the sides in every direction. The idea of a grand cathedral is naturally suggested by the shape and ornamentation. The height is about one hundred feet, and the depth, from the opening to the farthest point yet explored, is about one hundred yards, the width being somewhat less. In the outer section, into which the strong light from the entrance shines, the forms of beauty remain, but the action of the light has discolored them and destroyed much of their attractiveness. Crossing a stream of transparent water we enter the inner section, torch in hand, pausing at every step to admire the wonders that reveal themselves on every hand. As the eyes become accustomed to the subdued light the torch becomes superfluous, except when used in exploring the innermost recesses, or in descending the cavernous depths that yawn beneath us in the eastern part. Ascending the marble slopes that rise gradually until the inner wall is reached, we find a convenient seat to rest upon, and observe at leisure the profusion of beauty spread around. All is of virgin whiteness, the hue of the snowdrift. Looking above, we see immense stalactites, twenty and thirty feet long, hanging pendant from the roof like great icicles; and from the floor beneath stalogmites rise in graceful pillars, while the drip, drip, drip, of the water, charged with a solution of bicarbonate of lime, tells us that the process by which the beautiful forms have been created is still going on, adding fresh touches to the old and bringing new wonders into existence. Plucking a small stalactite from the wall behind us, we find its slender end for several inches is a hollow, brittle cylinder, a thin film covering the end of the tube, which is easily crushed, and when broken discharges a few drops of water and some calcareous sediment. At the foot, and on the sloping sides of the mounds of white rock, are many bowls of various

shapes, filled with the clearest water. Their edges are scalloped and jagged, and their inner surface is covered with a rough formation having the appearance of petrified sponges. The shapes of the objects about us are of infinite variety. We see chairs, thrones, pedestals, pillars, couches and beds, with sparkling white drapery, falling in heavy folds. The inner wall is pierced by numerous passages, that extend back into the heart of the hill, in which the beauty of the larger room is, if possible, exceeded. In them are pools of water several feet deep, but so transparent, that they are not observed until a misstep coolly warns us of their presence. Corrugated masses there are to which the feet easily adhere, and pillars with deeply indented sections, as if wrought by the most delicate chisel; slender spires and pinnacles, glistening for the first time when our light falls upon them. Everything is of untarnished purity, clear as the light, and spotless as the new fallen snow. A sense of fear sometimes arrests us, as the hollow resonance of some portion we are passing over, suggests the thought that we are walking over the thin covering above some fearful pit. Not the least of the wonders of this cave is the effect produced by the human voice, especially in singing. The numberless echoes blend in such perfect harmony, that, from a certain point, a single voice has the effect of a whole chorus; and even the lightest note, if clearly uttered, is faithfully reproduced from the dome and corridors of that grand chamber of silence.

The Chinese have left the cave untouched, so that nothing mars our contemplation of its perfect beauty, as produced by the hand of nature. Native superstition in regard to it, however, appears in the names by which it is known among the people. It is called by some the "Ox Cave" (牛巖), from a belief that if cattle, when diseased, can be taken into the cave and left there for a night, they will recover. Another and more common name is the "Shing-sin" (昇仙), or "Genii" Cave, so named it is said, because a man from Yeung-shan (陽山), by a long course of fasting and meditation, which he accomplished, sitting on a certain projection still pointed out to the curious, attained immortality, by being changed into a "sin" (仙), or genii.

Coming down the hill from the cave, we find some living springs at the foot, where the water wells up among the sand and pebbles; and passing through one of the worst specimens of the villages that disfigure the fair face of nature, we regain the boat and proceed up the river. We pass several small villages, before a bend in the stream brings us to the market town of Siu-kong (小江), situated on the northern bank. The town itself is insignificant, but is thronged with busy multitudes on market days. Some of the people are rather rude

and lawless, these, no doubt, being importations from the lower districts, while the native peasantry are quiet and inoffensive. The high hills in this neighborhood, with their rocky caverns afford hiding places for dangerous wild animals. Tigers and leopards are frequently met with and several slain every year, their skins and flesh being exposed for sale in the market place. The natives distinguish the great tiger by the marks on his forehead which they say are in the form of the character Wong (王), king being *prima facie* evidence of his kingship over the beasts. Small deer and mountain fowl abound. There are few, if any, among the people who make a business of hunting, there being no convenient or profitable market for the products of the chase. When the lair of a tiger or leopard is known, a dozen men or more, with guns and spears, surround the place and surprise the creature, killing it with unnecessary barbarity, and often utterly spoiling the pelt by the numerous spear thrusts and bullet holes. Behind Siu-kong (小江) stretches a semi-cylindrical valley, through which flows a small stream, and up which the road leads to Wong-fan (黃分) and Sai-kong (西江) markets. In the hills along this valley are coal deposits, and mines are about to be, if not already, opened. The arrangements for opening them were completed at the beginning of this year, the only obstacle then in the way being the want of agreement between the Prefect of Lien-chow and the district magistrate of Yeung-shán, as to the division of the revenue accruing to them from the mines. On the opposite side of the river from Siu-kong (小江) is a hill, with a fortified crest, which forms a conspicuous object for some distance up and down the river. The hill is thickly wooded for about two-thirds of the way up its sides, the rocky crest rising from a plateau of pine trees. The course of the river here is much broken by rocks and rapids. Just below the town is the "Pine apple" rapid, and above the town is the "Noisy Drunkard," while a short distance further up the stream, the "Confusion" rapid rushes down abreast of a high hill, far up the steep sides of which a foot path runs along. Beyond this hill the country opens a little, giving space for rice and corn among the smaller hills. Several groves of camellias on the right promise a fine show of flowers to those who pass at the proper season, which can be enjoyed while the boat accomplishes the difficult task of ascending the Wong-kam (黃錦) rapids. Above this point, the river makes a bend through a small plain in which is the village of Shek-loh (石螺), whose peanut oil factories, enclosed by mud walls, indicate the nature of the principal business done there. Flocks of white egrets fly up and down the river, settling in the fields or on the river beach. Swinging round another bend,

ascending the "Yellow Ox" rapids, passing an old fort on the right and a village on the left, we turn once more with the general northwest course; and after passing the "Coffin" rapids, come to the *hot water springs*. When the water in the river is low, several springs bubble up among the rocks on the shore, but the principal spring is a few yards off in the little ravine; it is enclosed in a circular basin about a yard in diameter and several feet deep. The water is too hot for the hands to endure many moments. It possesses no medicinal qualities, a bottle having been tested, showing simply water, and nothing else. The people from the village near by improve the convenient provision of nature for laundry and other purposes.

The next object of interest, about two miles further on, is the "Dragon Cave" (龍巖), in a hill on the left, at the foot of Tai-li (大里) Pass. The opening of the cave, which is but a few yards from the water, is hidden by a temple, the keeper of which rises from his opium couch to demand a contribution of fragrant oil for his lamps from all who enter. The cave is a very remarkable one, having an air of great antiquity. The sides and pillars are full of strange hollows and indentations, and the roof is composed of many concave surfaces of rock, with fragmentary bits of stalactitic formation. About two hundred yards from the entrance the floor descends, and an accumulation of soft mud and water renders further progress uninviting. The roof in the inner part is pierced with openings that extend far up into the rock, affording retreats for myriads of bats, which, disturbed by the unusual appearance of lights among them, flit about uncomfortably over our heads. The walls and roof are of a dull gray color, showing but little variety. The cave is said to be twenty miles deep, exit on the other side of the mountain being possible. The accuracy of this statement remains to be verified by actual exploration.

The Tai-li (大里) Pass, which we now enter, deserves more than a passing glance. A high, perpendicular wall of rock rises abruptly from the water on the left; a sheer precipice, whose whitish surface is varied by numerous apertures, while vines and shrubs hang from the seams and crevices. The hill on the opposite side, high and majestic though it be, in its first appearance, reserves its grandest side until we are about to emerge from the pass, when by a slight turn in the course of the stream, a wonderful picture bursts upon us. The rugged brow of the cliff is encircled by a fringe of evergreen, huge masses of rock, like stalactites from a cave, overhang the sides, while a beautiful waterfall throws a sheet of silver over the shelving projections. We turn again to the other side, and see the cliff, receding a little from the shore, as it reaches the height of its grandeur in a

noble peak, whose bare, white walls, rising above the accumulation of earth and stones at its foot, is seen for a long way up the river. The best view of this pass is obtained by looking back from the top of the boat as it moves slowly up the river. Its charms increase the longer we look at it, and the more fully we note the surrounding in which it is set. As we proceed up the stream the eye is never weary of the ever varying scenes. The rapids are no longer tedious, as they give more time for observation. Several small villages appear among the groves of trees on either bank, the largest of which Kai-wán (計灘), is just above a steep-walled cliff on the north side, against which the stream strikes, flowing partly under the projecting wall and then turns aside. Above this we enter the Tung-kun (洞灌) Pass, where solid walls of gray rock hold the stream in its narrow channel. The sides of the cliffs facing the river are almost bare, the crown of vegetation on the top extending over their summits in places. In the walls on the south side are several small caves, difficult of access, which have been fortified and used as retreats in times of distress. At the head of this pass a stream of some importance flows in from the south. It is called Pak-fu creek (白虎水), after a market-town of the same name situated a few miles up its stream. It flows down through an interesting valley, sweeping the southern boundaries of the country of the aborigines or Ju (獮) people, and is navigable by small boats for a distance of twenty miles to the town of Chai-kong (寨岡). In the rocky hill on the west side of this stream, just before it flows into the river, is the cave of Kun-yam (觀音巖). A temple stands before the entrance, shrines fill the interior, and, images without number, are seen on every shelf and projection among the rocks. The walls are black with the smoke of the incense and the visitor almost suffocated by its fumes. The cave is said to be very extensive, three large wax candles burned successively, being needed to light one to the end of it. The hill above it, and the one on the opposite side of the main stream, are well wooded, but the sharp-pointed rocks of which they are composed make the ascent difficult; a mile from this point brings up into Tsam-t'au (枕頭峽), or "Pillow Pass." The walls of this are not so high or barren as those of the one below. They are like palisades, slightly overhanging the water, with ferns, grasses, and shrubs growing abundantly on the uneven surface. Over the face of the eastern wall, at certain seasons, six beautiful waterfalls descend about forty feet into the river, all of them in view at the same time. The hills on either side are covered with many flowering shrubs; roses, azaleas, crepe myrtles, oleanders, clematis, etc. Among the trees are birds of gay plumage not seen

further down the river; small deer sometimes come down to the river's brink, and the call of the partridge is heard incessantly on the hills. A mile or two more, and we are at Lung-só-t'am (龍鬚潭), noted for the three foaming waterfalls that pour over the north bank of the river at this point. Summer and Winter their melodious dashing never ceases, only, they are increased to six or eight when the water is plentiful. The stream from which they come flows down a little ravine, over which the foot-path leading to Lien-chow passes. On its banks are several incense mills, and near its source, a village in a picturesque position high up on the hill.

Half a mile from Lung-só-t'am (龍鬚潭), we enter the Yeung-tiu (羊跳), or "Sheep Leap" Pass, the most remarkable and beautiful of all the passes on the river. It deserves a longer study than is usually given it in the hurried journey up or down the river. It is, perhaps, less than a mile in length, and through it the river flows in a narrow channel, obstructed in places by heaps of fallen rock, the sheer walls rising up a hundred feet and more. They are not merely perpendicular, but overhang the water in many places, the sides converging, so that a mountain sheep bounding in full career, might possibly clear the chasm at a leap. The rocks of the sides are of a peculiar formation, being in all sorts of fantastic shapes. The whole pass looks as if some subterranean cavern had been rent open and all the strange shapes, that we regard as the peculiar characteristics of caves, had been thrown open to the light of day. The formation is chiefly of calciferous rocks, and queer mush-room shaped projection, over which the water pours in places, are formed by the calcareous accretions deposited by the water as it falls. The passage is so narrow that the stream is shaded completely, by the shadow of the walls at certain times in the day. Graceful cascades fall over the rocky sides; ferns in greatest profusion grow under the projecting crags; and little birds, unseen before, with blue wings and brown breasts, flit about the rock and find a home in the numerous cavities. A great mass of rock almost fills the stream in the middle of the pass. It is full of curious holes on every side, and is called the "Rock of the Genii." From its top, looking up and down, the pass is seen to greatest advantage. But no matter where we look, the picturesque beauty of the scene is most fascinating. As we come to the end, the wall on the right is the first to recede, while on the left, as if to add yet one more charm to the scene, an exquisite waterfall pours its shining stream from the highest wall, which, as it falls on the successive shelves of the lower projections, has the appearance of three or four distinct cascades, each striving to outdo the other in the descent to the river.

From this point onward, the river winds among picturesque hills, down whose abrupt sides is seen the gleam of descending water, rushing down the narrow ravines, or pitching over high precipices. A few miles further travel, and we come to the tenth and last of the mountain passes, the Ma-miu (馬廟), or "Horse Temple" Pass, so named from a niche in the northern wall in which is a well-defined image of a horse, seen, perhaps, most favorably when descending the river. This pass is not a continuous narrow defile as the one below, nor has it the weird fantastic charm of its neighbor. The precipitous walls are a whitish gray, with streaks of red, and are destitute of verdure. On the south, the cliff projects several yards over the water, and from some inner fissure in the rock a stream of water pours from beneath the overhanging mass into the river. In this and the passes below are seen evidences of the terrible freshets that sometimes swell the river. Twenty and thirty feet above the ordinary level of the water are lodged logs and drift wood, showing the height to which the water sometimes rises, when heavy rains bring down the floods from the hills, and the now beautiful and transparent stream is transformed into a fierce and foaming torrent. Emerging from this last pass, we slowly ascend the "Horse Face" rapid, when the Lien-chow Pagoda greets us, as it stands out conspicuously on a prominent hill that rises abruptly from the southern bank of the river. Passing this, we escape at last from the mountain barriers that have walled us in on either side so long, and look across the beautiful plain of Lien-chow, a range of high mountains with cloud-wreathed summits, stretches away to the west and north, marking the line of division between this and the adjoining provinces.

At the foot of this Pagoda Hill we take leave of the delightful friend, whose charms have furnished the materials for this sketch, hoping, at some future time to renew the acquaintance, and pursue its course into the lofty mountain region, toward the source of the three smaller streams, which unite their waters to form it at the city of Lien-chow.

VISIT TO TWO CELEBRATED PEKING TEMPLES.

A PARTY of a dozen of us, of all ages, started on donkey-back, on the morning of September 10th, 1880, from the monastery of "Perpetual Peace," on the Western Hills. This temple is celebrated for its handsome white pines—the *Pinus Bungeana*, the colour of whose bark has frequently deceived foreigners. These trees have all the appearance of being whitewashed. The outer layer of the bark

falls off in large *laminæ*, but the white colour is still preserved. It is said they do not attain their white colour until after twenty years' growth. A handsome tree in this monastery was sold for a large sum of money, as material for a coffin for some rich individual, and for the offence of cutting down this tree, the priest was banished from the temple for several years. Specimens of this tree are, I believe, now in Kew Gardens. It was the discovery of these white pines, that for the time being, rewarded Fortune for his trip to the North. He afterwards, however, found that the Russian naturalist Psunge, who was here about 1830, had already described them, and in honour of whom a certain species has been named. As we left the temple, we saw the priests busy forming into large bundles the leaves of the *mu-li-ya*, which they were selling at 50 cts. per 100 catties for dying garments of a black colour. The colour is, however, not such a deep black as that produced by the Siang-wan-tse, or chestnut acorns, which grow abundantly on the hills immediately surrounding the temple, and which add somewhat to the revenues of the priests. At the gate by our monastery were a number of men, who were reposing in the shade and draught of the gateway after their morning's work of catching various insects. Each carried his respective little instrument, spade, wire-net baskets, etc. One party sought the *chin-chung'rh*, a sort of cricket, which lives about 30 days, and emits a sound like *teng-leng*. Another batch of these men had been engaged in catching the *chü-chüsh*, which are highly valued, and for good male specimens, which are weighed, large sums are given. Females are of no value as insects. They die in the tenth month, but if carefully fed, may live over the winter. They are fed on rice and fruits. They are much sought after here for purposes of gambling, and often prove a source of great wealth to their owners. They are set to fighting and the winner carries off the prize for his master. The beaten animals are no longer in demand. The men who engage in collecting these insects are bannermen from the neighbouring military camp. They eke out their paltry pension in this way. After an hour's ride along the base of the hills, and through fields of the most beautiful mosaics of the various species of millet and of Indian corn, and past Princes' tombs, surrounded by groves of cypress, we reached the romantic hill called "Ten Prospect" Hill, Shih-ching-shan. On the way thither we passed men with poles in their hands, walking through the fields of corn. Upon inquiry we learned that they belonged to guilds for watching grain, and the farmers are obliged to pay into their clubs, which exist everywhere, the sum of about 2d. per mu. In case of thefts of grain, these guilds hold themselves responsible either to

find the thieves or replace the grain. This is a very excellent institution in a country like China, where the fields are without hedges or dykes, and the poor people might be tempted to take what is not their own. But woe to any farmer who refuses to pay into the guild!

Upon the summit of this hill stands a small temple which has been recently repaired. Upon visiting it some years previously, I found the priest had a copy of Genesis and had studied the opening chapters detailing the creation. He had had the book for about twenty years; shewing how mysteriously, sometimes, books find their way into the most out-of-the-way and almost inaccessible places, and long before foreigners appear on the field. It may have been a copy of some circulated by Gutslaff in his trip north. Enquiries were afterwards made by the priest regarding the religion; and one devoted American missionary paid him several visits. Two Buddhist priests had already become converts of this missionary, but both are since dead. I do not think this priest on the top of the Ten Prospect Hill, was, however, one of them. It is, however, but another illustration of casting one's bread upon the waters, etc. On the sacking of the Summer Palace, I have been told, that a complete Bible was found in the Emperor's library. The sides of this hill are studded with ruins. On the south side, the one facing the Hwĕn Ho, or Muddy River—a very rapid stream which here issues out of the gorge in the mountains, and whose banks are said to present scenery not inferior to the Rhine—the rock is perpendicular. From far and near this hill is really worthy of its poetic designation. There seems to be some doubt as to the proper character for shih. The real character seems to be shih (for stone). We have preferred to adopt the popular rendering as meaning ten, and, certainly, there are many magnificent views all round to be gained from this elevation of some 500 feet. On the one side, west, is the range of the western hills, studded with temples, lying in the most picturesque situations—there is high up on the hill, about a day's journey distant, the celebrated temple of *Miau-fing-shan*, so much resorted to by pilgrims, and by the Pekingese in the Spring, and whose votaries, who have received benefit from the presiding diety, cover our walls in Peking with little yellow placards, having the four significant characters *zeu-chieu-pi-zing*, "Whosoever you ask you receive." There is the rushing, impetuous, river leaving the foot of the hill. This hill is of the highest importance to Peking. It stands right in the way, as the river issues from the mountain ravine, against its overflowing the Peking plain and submerging the city. The impetuous waters dash against this hill and there take a south-easterly direction, passing under the Lu-kwo chain, and thence wending its way, with

many an inundation, caused by the silting up of its bed, and destroying great tracts of land towards Tientsin. In the Ming dynasty, a eunuch, who designed to bring calamity upon the Emperor, attempted to excavate this hill and so flood Peking. He failed to move the bed, but a little lower down, he dug a canal, through which the waters rushed towards the Wang hui luo. No injury was, however, done to Peking, but ever since, the government has taken zealous care to protect this bank of the river, and from the hill, as far as the bridge, the most massive embankment exists, built of huge blocks of stone. On the one side of the river, you have the hill of freestone formation, and on the other, the sharp peaks of the calcareous structure. Anthracite coal and limestone abound in those mountains, and further back, also, fine bituminous coal, rich in gas. High up on the breast of a spur of these hills, lying to the south, and the place to which we are wending our way, is the temple of Chih-t'ai-sz, the hill behind being densely wooded to its very top; and then perched away up in the clouds, as it were, on an almost perpendicular cliff, is the hermit's cell. To the south-east, eight miles off, there is the celebrated bridge of Lu-kwo-chiau, mentioned by Marco Polo, on the great road leading from the capital to all the eighteen provinces. This bridge has eleven arches, and the parapet is surmounted by hundreds of lions, large and small. No one has ever been able to count them, and the Chinese say they cannot be reckoned. The large ones present no difficulty—some 300 at the most—but the computation of the little lions, perched in all possible positions, defies calculation. To the east is the capital, with its massive walls, gateways and towers, and the yellow tiles of the Imperial Palace seen glittering in the sun, together with the blue-tiled dome of the Temple of Heaven. To the north, there is the great range of mountains separating China from Mongolia, on the highest pinnacles of which may be seen the Great Wall. In the nearer foreground is Wan-show-shan, and Ü-chien-shan, with their pagodas, lakes, bridges, gardens—the summer retreat of the Chinese court before they were destroyed by the allies in the last war. Such is the prospect all round from this commanding hill. In the days of its greatness, the temple at its summit was approached on its eastern side by a series of magnificent flights of steps, and towers adorned their sides. Its present ruinous aspect reminds one of (to us) some Eastern decayed city. To this day, the northern side of the Wan-show-shan is of pure Eastern architecture, flat roof, square buildings, etc. We crossed the ferry at the foot of this hill by a boat which is worked by a rope sliding over a fixed sort of windlass. The strong current of the river carries the boat across. When the river is in high flood all

traffic ceases, except such individuals as are courageous enough to be swung across in a basket, and even this mode of transport is rendered dangerous and impracticable during high winds. The donkeys and boys first crossed, and then their riders. On the other side we found the country adjoining the river plentifully irrigated, and streams running everywhere. From the river to the foot of the mountains occupied fully another hour. The remainder of the three hour's ride was spent in ascending the long winding stone-paved path up to the temple of the "Vow Terrace." Riding was impossible up most of this steep ascent. After this very arduous climb, the most of the party walking on foot, and the donkeys following, we reached the outer entrance of the monastery, where we rested our weary limbs, until our whole party should come up, entering meantime into conversation with the Buddhist porter priest. He made us aware at once of his importance, and of the necessity of seeing him before we could gain admission. He was soon made to understand that we had been here repeatedly before, and fully understood the etiquette of the temple, and that our present halt was not from any idea of his importance, or from fear or lack of courage on our part, to enter. We were soon at home, rambling all over the spacious monastery, visiting the various objects of interest, and searching for a suitable place in which to enjoy our repast. We soon found the priests most anxious to accommodate us, and they urged us, nay, almost compelled us, to occupy their own dining hall. We desired to picnic in the open air, in some spot where a good view could be gained and water could be easily obtained. Upon examination, we found the priests' hall so commodious, airy, clean, and with a fair prospect, that we had no difficulty in accepting of their offer and repairing thither. There we did ample justice to the creature comforts which a stalwart coolie had carried all the way hither on his shoulders. After finishing our repast, with a somewhat keen appetite, a few of us started to visit the hermit, who lives in the cave several hundred feet higher, on an almost inaccessible projection of the hill. His cell is certainly over 1000 feet above the plain. The foot-path at first was good and not at all steep. About half way up, we reached a small hut, which stood at the mouth of the cave. In the cave's mouth there was a huge image of the goddess of mercy, cut out of solid stone, in whose honour the cave was named. Several smaller idols supported the goddess on each side. The priest in charge, the pupil and servant of the hermit provided torches, and a descent was made into the cave for a few hundred feet. Caves abound in these Western hills, the most celebrated is the Yün-shui-t'ung at Fang-shan-hsien. In entering

these caves it is well to be provided with a candle and matches, in case the torches should be extinguished, where the greatest difficulty might be found in making one's way out. Bats were flying about in all directions. The temperature of the cave is, of course, very cool in summer and warm in winter. At the end of the cave, the priest informed us that there was a bed-platform which he used for his couch in the winter on account of its warmth. After emerging from this cave, we had a very steep, almost dangerous ascent to the hermit's cave at the top of the hill. Although we learned that the hermit was not there that day, we still resolved to perform the difficult climb and accomplish the feat. We found a shallow eave, cut out of the face of the rock as it were, with idols as usual. On the outside, at the mouth of the cave, were two small side buildings, in one of which the hermit lived. The room was certainly bare, but not more so than many of the houses of the poorer Chinese. Here no bolts or watchmen are required to guard the property. Its safety lies in its unique position. A deep excavation in the rock, supplied partly by a spring, but chiefly by rain, provides the necessary water for the hermit's food —little we presume will be consumed on cleaning his person or his clothes. This hermit, we were told, has lived as a recluse here for 30 years. He is now 70 years old. He has not shaved his head all these years. For ten years preceding the last seven, he never spoke. The nails of his fingers are said to be of prodigious length and his tangled and matted hair and general appearance baffles description. His pupil, clad in wretched habiliments, we found engaged in gathering acorns in the woods, which are sold for purposes of dyeing. The grass and brushwood supplies them with fuel. The hermit derives certain tithes from the produce of the lands of the "Vow Temple." It is said that the two handsome lions (from a Chinese point of view) in part of the "Vow Terrace" monastery were sculptured by the hermit during the period of his self-imposed silence. The ascent to, and descent from, the upper cave occupies exactly two hours. The monastery itself, as already stated, possesses many objects of interest. There are about 30 priests, 20 to 30 of whom may be seen five times each day engaged in their devotional exercises in the large *tiен* of the temple, chanting the name of Buddha *Omito Foh*. At the conclusion of each service, the priests march in a body in single file, three times round the raised square terrace outside and in front of the hall, chanting their prayers in adoration of Buddha. The worshippers have at least the credit of apparent sincerity. Many of them seem to believe in the devotional exercises; others again laugh, gape and yawn, while they strike their bells, or drums, tinkle

their cymbals, or count their rosaries. The large hall of the "Vow Terrace" proper, where the novitiates of this religion receive their ordination or confirmation, and where the three burnings on the head are performed, is worthy of a visit. The chairs upon which they sit are exquisitely carved, and the square terrace itself, beautifully built and carved of several tiers, and ascended by flights of stone steps, placed on the several tiers at different sides, is very handsome. In ascending or descending there is, from the position of the steps, a good deal of marching and counter-marching. On two sides of the court in which this large hall is situated, is a range of ordinary temple buildings containing 250 *lohans* on each side. They are the usual clay figures, painted to represent these divinities. Many of them are hideous and all have a history. One of the finest things at this temple is the magnificent terrace, long and high, which runs through the middle of the temple from west to east, and which has growing upon it several very old and characteristic trees of several centuries growth, and according to some, two thousand years old. The trees are all of slow growth. Beginning at the West side on its southern face we have the tree called *I-chih-puh-tung pai-chih-puh-yao*, a name given to it by the Emperor Kien Lung, who once visited this monastery, because if one branch be moved, the whole tree moves, which is certainly true. The popular name is the itching tree. Next in order on the north side comes the *sz-tsai*, or self-existing pine, a name also given to it by this celebrated Emperor. It is supported by a marble pillar on which the words are inscribed. It is said to put forth a new branch on the accession of each Emperor, and the permanency of the dynasty is said in some way to be bound up with it. Then opposite, on the south side, is the *wo-lung-sung*, or the sleeping dragon pine; thence further along on the north side is the nine dragon pine, a *pinus bungeana*, of immense dimensions, eight hundred years old, and having eleven stems or great trunks, growing out of the one general trunk or root. At the extreme eastern end of this long terrace, on the south face, is the *pau-f'a-sung*, or pagoda-protecting-pine, a tree literally embracing a pagoda situated below but reaching up and beyond the level of the terrace. These are the most remarkable of the fine trees on this grand terrace. There are others but they are not so celebrated.

Having completed our examination of all the objects of interest, and refreshed ourselves with the cup that "cheers but not inebriates," and having tried, though, to their minds unsuccessfully, to satisfy the greedy, exacting and rapacious priests with a gratuity, we descended the hill, mounted our donkeys, crossed the river just as the sun was

setting, and reached our starting point in peace, in the same time that we took going.

On the 13th another trip was arranged for, in the opposite direction, to *Pi-yun-sz*, the Asure Cloud monastery, situated east of us about seven miles, and adjoining the imperial hunting park. This is one of the most beautiful temples in all this region. Its situation is commanding and its prospect towards the Jade Fountain hill, or Ü-chien-shan, Wan-show-shan, or the hill of longevity of 10,000 years, the Summer Palace, the lakes, the Peking plain, and the city in the distance about 20 miles off, is lovely. The temple contains many objects of interest. On reaching it, a bridge is crossed, which spans a deep ravine, through which flows a small stream. Opposite the entrance a volume of water issues from one of the lions, this is the waste water of the sulphur spring, which, after meandering through the courts of the temple, here finds its exit. The water collected in the bosom of the hills here, and chiefly from this temple, is led in an aqueduct to the lakes in front of Wan-show-shan, and joins the noble spring which issues from the Jade fountain, thereafter it parts into two, half running north and east to Shaho, and ultimately joining the Peiho, the other half pursuing its course to the city to fill the imperial lakes within the walls, and the moat outside, from which the inhabitants obtain their Summer supply of the purest ice. On passing through the temple, which as a temple resembles all Buddhist buildings of this sort, the visitor is naturally attracted to the beautiful Indian diamond throne of Buddha, built of large massive blocks of marble, also exquisitely carved and designed and called *chin-kang-pau-tso*, erected by Kien Lung at the back part of this temple. All around is a deep ravine. Kien Lung did a great deal in building magnificent structures, pagodas, and such like, and repairing and adorning temples. This throne is of great height—square, and has five towers or smaller pagodas on the top. Each square, gradually-tapering, pagoda is surmounted by three tier of brass cups. The two upper ones have lately been stolen, so say the priests, from all the pagodas; and from two of the smaller ones, the entire bronze mountings have disappeared. The work of destruction has thus commenced on this beautiful and costly edifice. Where it will end no one can foresee. Whether the act of thieves by night, or the result of the rapacity and poverty of the priests themselves, we have no means of determining. In front of the throne is a handsome marble ornamental triportal arch, on which are sculptured lions, dragons, sphinxes, the eight precious ones and the eight immortals, etc. After visiting, examining and admiring, these gorgeous structures and the surrounding scenery, we descend

by a long flight of steps to the temple proper. We first visit the sulphuretted hydrogen spring, of which we had heard so much, and drank some of its waters, as it issues out of the rock. The water is cold, and the flavour, of course, here and in some of the adjoining courts, reminds one always that it is H.S. Leading to the spring is a cool grotto and a pavilion. On the way thither there is an old tree called *pai-kwan* because of its white fruit. This is the salsburia, and growing right out of its old trunk is a pine and as a parasite; receiving support from it is a wild vine. There are thus three trees growing here altogether in unity and friendship, although all of different species. The next object that calls for inspection is the Buddhist Hades, and the other halls connected with judgment and the future state, in which are carefully moulded coloured clay figures, situated amid mountain scenery, with clouds, bridges, lakes, etc. These halls are most striking, especially Hades. The cruelty, ghastliness, ingenuity and severity of the punishments here inflicted amaze and stagger one. It is almost impossible to describe these punishments, and if we did, the details would be so revolting and harrowing to the feelings, that the reader would turn away in horror, disgust and fear. The 11th chapter of Hebrews would not exhaust the least of punishments here meted out to the wicked, who, strange to say, seemed to us to be chiefly women. Good Buddhists are seen crossing the bridge with happy faces; the bad are hurled into the places of torture below. If punishment, or the fear of it, has any deterrent effect, one might suppose that nothing would be so effective to dissuade from vice and turn to virtue as such an exhibition, if the Buddhist votaries and its priests really believed in their religion. Such a hall in London, would create a sensation and eclipse Madame Tussaud's. But we turn away in disgust at these chambers of horrors, and the revolting spectacles. The only other hall in this temple worthy of a visit, is the large square one, containing six galleries, devoted to the 500 *lohans*. The full-size figures of these gods are seated along these galleries, on stone terraces two or three feet high; they are all named and numbered on little tablets which stand at their side or are held in their hands. They are made of southern wood and bronzed, and not like the ordinary clay figures which one finds elsewhere. The amount of gilding, the huge number of *lohans*, the extensive ranges of galleries, and the light pouring in through the paper windows, along one side of each of the galleries, makes this hall a most imposing spectacle to the visitor. The expression of the different faces, no two alike, and the posture of the gods is very varied. It is quite a long walk to pass through these galleries or past this vast collection of

*lohan*s met in general assembly, but all remaining mute and stationary. Maitreya, who faces the entrance door, may be conceded to have the place of honour, and to be the presiding deity, unless indeed, we consider the little supplementary *lohan*s on a beam overhead, who arrived too late to find a seat, and was therefore accommodated in the roof. Phrenology would find curious osteological and facial developments which would task its utmost powers to explain. As a grand collection of human figures it is not surpassed anywhere.

On arrival at the temple we partook of a sumptuous breakfast, under the Diamond Throne, provided by two of the British Legation students. It was a farewell picnic to one who was about to leave, to take up his interpretorial duties at one of the ports. Before leaving we regaled ourselves with tea, and mounting our donkeys we rode past the front of the hunting park with its two handsome bronze lions, which would not disfigure Trafalgar Square, as far as the material and workmanship are concerned, we say nothing of the striking character of the likeness—they may represent an extinct species! There, over a small spur of the hill, past several ruins of lama temples, burnt in the last war by our forces, through broad villages, where the people came out in large crowds, partly to witness the scene, to see the foreigners and foreign toys (the children), and partly, also, to solicit medical help, and after passing through the gorge in the mountains, guarded on both sides by little shrines of Buddha, and past the four-towered temple of *cheu-chia-sz*, we reached the monastery of Everlasting Peace, having spent a most delightful day.

THE THIRD ANNUAL MEETING OF THE CHINESE RELIGIOUS
TRACT SOCIETY.

(Concluded from last No.)

THE CORRESPONDING SECRETARY'S ANNUAL REPORT.

WE come to the close of another year more than ever impressed with the magnitude of the work. Whether we consider the extent of the territory, the teeming population, or the heathenish darkness that covers the people, we must be convinced that we have before us a great and important work. Crowded into the great cities, of which there are so many hundreds, huddled into the thousands of hamlets, or scattered over the more sparsely settled parts of the country, the inhabitants of China are a busy people, engrossed with caring for the body or providing for the soul, and the superstition and

idolatry connected with the latter consumes more time and money than is generally supposed. Upon this mass of ignorance, superstition, and idolatry the Christian Churches of all nations are seeking to pour the Gospel light. The Chinese Religious Tract Society, with its Christian literature and local organizations comes in as a mighty auxiliary. The circulation of religious literature throughout this great empire is an achievement that all who love the Saviour must devoutly desire.

In the first place the Society seeks to organize an auxiliary in connection with every Church in China. We wish to encourage the members to self-denying aggressive work for the Master, to go from door to door among their neighbours, avowing their own faith and presenting the claims of the Christian religion. The great work of evangelizing any people must be done largely by the natives themselves. Foreigners may introduce and organize the work, may instruct in the doctrines and the best methods of presenting them, but from the nature of the case, they can never do much of the work. They will always lack some of the most important qualifications, such as ability to adapt themselves to native habits and feelings, and to secure that sympathy and communion so necessary in dealing with souls. So when the work is well started it is unwise to introduce foreigners to accomplish that which the natives can do so much better. There are natural and insurmountable obstacles with which we may not contend. We must simply adapt ourselves to circumstances. Without the slightest interference with the denominational differences existing among the thousands of native Christians in China, we seek to unite them in one mighty, well-organized effort to save souls. It is believed that the reports of local societies, and the experiences of the workers in different parts of the empire, will prove a mutual encouragement and a mighty incentive to action.

But at the present stage of the work, the natives can only be reached, instructed, and organized through the over-tasked missionaries, whose burdens and cares are daily increasing. We are, however, glad to report that the Society is gaining in popularity, and the missionaries are becoming more than ever convinced of its importance as an auxiliary. Nearly every one of the thirty-two local secretaries, appointed at the various places where mission work has been begun, have accepted the office, and promise to do what they can to forward the interests of the Society. One writes:—"If I can be of service to the Tract Society by acting as its depository here, I shall be very glad to accept the trust, until you are able to find some one who can give more attention to the interests and the work of the Society. I

could not now promise much more than this. But if I can see my way open to some definite organization among the Church members, I will try to accomplish it. It seems to me the present movement in the direction of preparing and circulating good tracts will bring about good results; directly in the Christian teaching of the books themselves, and indirectly in increasing and giving direction to the energies of the Church members. It will be an object with me to encourage individuals and Churches to buy the tracts, at the low rates you offer them at, and to circulate them by sale or gift whenever they can do this with promise of efficiency."

Another says:—"I have come to the conclusion to accept office on the Board of Trustees of the Chinese Religious Tract Society. In doing so let me thank those brethren who have honoured me with this confidence in electing me to this office, and assure them I shall deem it a privilege to do anything in my power to extend the operations of the Society in this part of the country. I have already decided to form an auxiliary Tract Society among the members of the Church in _____, and hope soon to see the district surrounding our mission chapel regularly visited by Christian tract distributors every few weeks. The aims of the Society commend themselves to everyone as admirable and most important." Subsequently he writes:—"It is somewhat singular and amusing that _____ should object to the establishment of auxiliaries, the very thing for which I joined. With all my heart I could wish them established in every mission station throughout the country. It is one of the things I hope will be more emphasized than ever at the next Annual Meeting. Missionaries should do more in this direction to draw out the zeal and liberality of the native Christians."

Later still he says:—"You will be pleased to hear that our Tract Society is already at work. They have already paid for a quantity of books and over a dozen volunteers, the most zealous members of our Church, are now distributing them from house to house, in some cases meeting with contempt and abuse, but in others with the utmost courtesy, and readiness to read the tracts that are offered. May this labor of love be greatly blest, like mercy, both to those who give and those who take."

Six auxiliary Societies have been enrolled, viz:—

1.—Kinichow	organized by Rev. A. W. Douthwaite.
2.—Shanghai	" " " Ban Tsih-dzae.
3.—Hoongku	" " " J. Y. Wong.
4.—Wuchang	" " " Thomas Bryson.
5.—Shensi	" " " Timothy Richard.
6.—Kongwan	" " " H. N. Woo.

In these local Societies the foreigners and natives are expected to

work together upon the same principles as in the parent Society. Thus the missionary may teach by precept and example the best methods of working.

Visiting from house to house is one of the most effective agencies for propagating our faith. The native Church members neither know their power nor the best way of exerting it. Through their foreign teachers we are trying to furnish them with constitutions, instruction, and every encouragement.

Imagine every one of the 16,000 native Christians in China visiting the families in his neighbourhood, reading and praying with them, speaking of his own faith, and leaving a printed page containing the plan of salvation! Our great hope is in securing voluntary unpaid workers, who shall pay at least a part of the price of the works they loan or give away. It will be our aim to foster and encourage such societies and help them to means as we have the ability. A considerable portion of the funds disbursed the past year were given in this direction.

But the encouragement of local societies is not our only work. We are organized to carry on in all its branches, and in every part of China, and in every land to which Chinamen emigrate, the same work as similar societies do in other countries. As far as we know there is no other organization of the kind in this empire—the only exception being where a few persons have combined to expend a grant from the American or Religious Tract Society, the Chinese having no voice or vote in the matter. In effecting this organization we have invited all denominations and nationalities to unite, and propose to carry on in all its departments the printing and circulation of books and tracts, including religious, scientific, periodical literature, school books and works for youth and children. Owing to circumstances quite beyond our control, the amount of printing has been less than we could wish, and we close the year with a balance of funds we would have gladly devoted to furnishing spiritual bread for these perishing millions. The obstacles are in a fair way to be removed, and the Society is likely during the coming year to be in a position to expend to the greatest possible advantage all the funds a generous public may place at its disposal.

During the year several new books have been examined by the Committee and others are in their hands. Some of the Society's publications have been reprinted, viz., *The Two Friends* and *The Rationale of Christian Missions*, and a Calendar by Rev. E. H. Thomson. Of this work an illustrated edition was printed and everywhere received with great favour; altogether more than 120,000 copies of this sheet were printed during the year.

The Society has reduced the price of its publications fifty per cent, and to Auxiliary Societies another fifty per cent is thrown off. Reckoning the calendars as equal to an eight page tract, nearly two millions of pages have been published the past year. The income for this period has been \$615.87, and the expenditure, including bills due for printing, grants &c., was \$1,046.16, and there is on hand in the Oriental and Hongkong and Shanghai Banks \$1,063.10.

THE ANNUAL SERMON, BY REV. W. S. HOLT.

Mark vi: 37—"Give ye them to eat."

Hunger is a chronic condition of humanity. The first cry of the new born is for food. The first yearning of the awakening mind is for food. The first longing of the quickened soul is for food. A large part of our time and our exertions are spent in trying to satisfy our hunger. What shall we eat, what shall we read, what shall we believe are questions which constantly thrust themselves upon our attention. Among the calamities which afflict the human race, famine is perhaps the most dreaded, so imperative is the need for nourishment, so dire is the deprivation of it.

Among the great trials which our Lord endured and which paved the way for the temptation in the wilderness, was his forty days fast. The body weakened by hunger seemed to leave the Divine Master in such condition as to lead the Tempter to hope for success if he applied himself to the necessities of the Son of God. Hence he began "if thou be the Son of God, command that these stones be made bread." He understood what we all know to be a fact that a craving for food prepares one to contemplate even crimes with a degree of indifference impossible to a man with an appetite already satisfied. The most awful attendants of the Great Famine in the North bring this forcibly to our minds.

The same thing also holds true of mental and spiritual cravings. From them have arisen the various speculations and superstitions with which men have tried to feed themselves. Deprived of proper food, they would fain fill themselves with husks. For the demand for food must be met in some way, and if no proper nutriment is to be obtained, what can be done?

Our Lord was able to understand the needs of his vast audience from his own experience. The multitude had followed him away from their homes attracted by his wondrous preaching. Never had such teaching been heard by them. Jesus spoke with authority and not as the scribes. Animated with an all controlling enthusiasm, the close sympathy between the body and soul had resulted in forgetful-

ness of the usual appetite for food, while they were so abundantly satisfied with the "Bread of Life," "the Word of God," as it fell from those lips which "spake as never man spake." But now the day was far spent, and with the close of the discourses to which the people had listened so eagerly it was certain that the demands of exhausted nature would be felt and there would be a cry for food. The disciples knew it, and asked Jesus to send the people away that they might provide for themselves. "This is a desert place," they say, "and now the time is far passed; send them away, that they may go into the country round about and buy themselves bread; for they have nothing to eat." "But Jesus said unto them, they need not depart; give ye them to eat."

This must have been a startling command for the disciples to receive. The place is a desert! here are 5000 hungry men, and who knows how many women and children! The provisions at hand are "five loaves and two fishes!" What are they among so many? The careful matron is sometimes at a loss when two or three unexpected guests drop in at meal time. But here was a great crowd of hungry people, and yet the Master quietly says, get them something to eat. A wonderful command, but most becoming to him who bestows his blessings with bounteous hands.

We look this evening for the lesson which these words contain, for none of our Lord's miracles are without a lesson. Their force and meaning and extent were not limited to the occasion upon which they were performed, nor to the actual witnesses. Fraught with a present, physical blessing, as were his wondrous healings, the raising from the dead, or the supply of bodily wants, they all point forward to a healing of the sin-sick, a raising of the spiritually dead to a new life, and the supply of heavenly nourishment to the spiritually starved. It is with reference to this higher aspect that I wish to call your attention to the words before us, and I shall endeavor to make them bear upon the nation whose guests we are, and upon our duty to it.

We commemorate to-night the third anniversary of the Chinese Religious Tract Society. It has been organized to help in carrying out the command of our Saviour, and to assist the Native Church in taking hold of the work of spreading the Gospel among its own people. It is then in the hope that we all may be led to take an interest in the work of this Society that I ask you to consider a few points suggested by this text.

1st.—It shows that there is a necessity for food.

The master did not propose to undertake a useless task. He did not give the command which he knew would call forth a display of

his Divine power, merely to show that he had the power. But the people needed food, and he set to work to supply an actual and pressing need. So the Chinese need spiritual food. It does not require many words to show it. We as believers in God's Word, which places all men who are without the Gospel in a single category; who believe that the command to go into *all the world* and preach the Gospel to *every creature*, means go to China and preach it there; we who are constant witnesses of the idolatries of China must be certain that the spiritual nature of this people is starved. There is a belief in the spiritual part of man, and in a spiritual world; spirits of ancestors bless or curse their posterity; wandering, restless spirits seek to aid or harm; spirits preside over every avocation of life from the kitchen to the throne. Such is the common belief. But the belief brings no relief or satisfaction to the human soul. It is rather fraught with an anxiety lest all has not been done to appease the spirits, or else with a contempt and utter disregard of their claims. There is nothing which can be called finished so that the worshippers can be at rest. The food is not sustaining, the craving is not allayed. For there is often a *real craving*, and longing for something never yet experienced. What are the pilgrimages to famous shrines, the performance of meritorious deeds, the vows, the subsistence upon a special diet, but the manifestation of a longing for something which will quiet the restlessness of the soul and satisfy its cravings? It is not an uncommon thing for the preacher of the Gospel here in China to hear the confession, I tried works of merit, I was faithful in my devotions, I distributed tracts to instruct others and persuade them to virtue, I helped the poor and distressed, I confined myself to vegetable food, I destroyed no living thing, but I was not satisfied. Then I heard of Jesus Christ, I learned the Gospel, I believed it, I am at peace. Such confessions, which have been made repeatedly, show us that the hunger exists and that food is wanted. But there are thousands who make no confession, who seem satisfied, who look happy. What of them? Their necessity is still more urgent. One of the first steps towards the avoidance of danger is a recognition of its existence. How much greater is the peril when it is unknown? There is a stage in disease called a comatose condition; there is a time when, exposed to freezing, stupor creeps over the man; while drowning there is said to be a moment of supreme happiness. But that stage, that stupor, that moment, mark the fatal point. The coma must cease, the stupor must be overcome, the happiness must be arrested, or death will ensue. There is also a period in wasting diseases when the body does not crave food. The anxious physician inquires, "Does

the appetite return? Is there a desire for food?" If not, it is not a hopeful sign.

A similar spiritual condition is far more sad. The prophet cries "Ho every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters." But the reply is "We do not thirst." We offer bread, the Bread of Life, but the response is "We want no bread." The angel holds up the crown, bright and beautiful, but the man with the muck rake, intent upon what is below, sees not the crown above his head, nor does he desire it. But lack of desire is not a lack of need. It rather increases the need and makes it more imperative. We cannot doubt that there is here in China a need for spiritual food. Then comes the inquiry, How shall we meet the necessity? Why, in the simplest way possible. "Give ye them to eat." The natural way to satisfy hunger is by eating. It matters not what the hunger is, it must be met the same way. Food, food is the only thing that will really satisfy hunger. One may tighten his belt, one may drink water, but sooner or later he must have food, and good nourishing food too. The Master's audience wanted something to eat and he said to his disciples, "Give them something to eat." So with the people about us. They need bread, the true bread which came down from Heaven. They are wasting their money for that which is not bread. They have none of their own, they do not know where to go for it. The day is far spent. "Give ye them to eat." This is the simple command laid upon us. It means that we have food for them and that we ought to let them have it. That food is the Gospel. Then my answer to the question "How shall we meet the necessity?" is, give the people the Gospel.

The Chinese are ignorant as we count knowledge. They are far behind-hand as we count progress. They need new systems of transportation, of communication, of mining, of agriculture, of schools, of warfare; but more than all these they need the Gospel. As much as they need to grasp the spirit of the century in matters of material improvement, much more do they need to be animated by the spirit of the Gospel that their progress may be real and upward. The nation has already begun to move. Already the pulsations of a new life are felt and it must go forward. But if we would do all in our power to give stability to every step which the nation takes, we who live here now must do our best to give the Gospel. For if we can quicken the heart-life of the people so that the spiritual shall lead, all the rest will quicken in a perfect harmony and sympathy with it, and will be a mighty blessing to a people which is year by year becoming a more important factor in the world's history. The truest

growth has ever been in the track of the purest belief. The promotion of learning, the progress of science, the happiness of the masses all follow naturally and surely upon a vigorous spiritual life. The leading nations to-day are those which are confessedly Christian nations.

In Europe the Word of God was unbound, and with it the fetters dropped from mind and soul. The whole man shared in the blessings of a religious awakening. We have a right to expect the same results here. "All between the four seas are brethren" is true as to man's moral nature at least, and the Bread of Life has never failed to nourish and satisfy the soul which has fed upon it, whether received from the hands of the Divine Master in Palestine or from his most humble servant, distributing it in the ends of the earth. This bread has been given to us. We have fed upon it and been satisfied. As we see the need of the nation, and know that there is but one way to satisfy that need, ought not the words of the Saviour to force themselves upon us, "Give ye them to eat." For the command is personal. It is not, somebody find some food for these poor hungry people. But distinctly *ye*. Jesus has laid the responsibility upon each one of us, and we must bear our part in it.

But how can we help? I cannot speak Chinese, how can I give the Gospel to a Chinaman. I have work of my own to do. "Let every man do his own business" undoubtedly, is good Scripture teaching. But "Bear ye one another's burdens," is also Scripture, and the Chinese Religious Tract Society steps in here with its claims upon our assistance and thus affords the desired means for helping the Chinese to the much needed food.

There is no doubt that the Gospel must be proclaimed by the living preacher. There is a power in it when spoken by man to man which cannot be obtained in any other way. "It has pleased God by* * * preaching to save them that believe." "Preach the word," said Paul to a young clergyman, and it is the best advice to give a minister. The *school* is a great avenue through which many are led into God's kingdom. The *hospital* affords unsurpassed opportunities to heal the body and save the soul. But these departments of work, these methods of ministering to the necessities of the people, can only be used by those who have made such methods a study and have devoted themselves to them. We cannot use them. While we give to the preaching of the Gospel the most important place among the means for distributing the Bread of Life, and while we admit the great hopefulness and usefulness of work in the Schools and Hospitals and Dispensaries, we need for our purpose some other means. We

have it ready made to our hands, and even now calling for all the assistance we are inclined to render. It is a means which has been shown to be most profitable in Christian work at home and in all heathen lands. It is specially adapted to a country like China, where we can say "of making many books there is no end." This means which we can all use so easily is the printing and distribution of Tracts. It commends itself to us for several reasons.

It is a Chinese plan. Preaching and teaching in schools for the express purpose of propagating religion, I have never known to be done either by the Buddhists or Tauists, except in the case of the Japanese Buddhist Mission. But the circulation of tracts is common. Many and quite attractive tracts in small books and sheets are extensively prepared and used by the Buddhist priesthood, by wealthy gentlemen who wish to be philanthropic, or by those who have made vows. They are used to stimulate the zeal of the devout and to arouse the thoughtless. From the island of Pootoo issue great numbers of such tracts. Many of them finely illustrated, printed in clear bold type, so that even the aged can read them. They set forth the various teachings of Buddhism in a manner which shall attract the eye as well as impress the mind, and thus the tracts are made acceptable to the public. Some of them are done in colors, some of them make use of ingenious devices in the arrangement of the Chinese character which catch the eye and convey a lesson by a glance, even if the explanation is not read. Sold for a few *cash* or for a single *cash*, they are purchased by the crowds of worshippers who visit that sacred island, from all parts of the empire, and by them they are carried throughout the country. Such tracts are one of the many means by which Buddhism is kept before the people and its hold upon them is maintained. The Religious Tract Society, then, is but taking advantage of a native system, and the wisdom of doing so is manifest. No prejudice or custom is offended or violated when we offer a Chinaman a book. Even a scholar cannot look with contempt upon a book. To be sure sometimes suspicions are aroused because some of the books have a foreign air. Perhaps the would-be purchaser will smell of the volume to assure himself that there is no foreign medicine concealed in it which will make a foreigner of him. Perhaps he eyes it carefully. There is nothing offensive discovered. He holds in his hands a simple book on Chinese paper, in Chinese binding, printed with the familiar character which he has been taught to regard as almost sacred. Then the price asked is marvellously low. The cost must have been much more than the amount wanted. It is a good bargain. Thus the book is bought partly from sheer curiosity, partly

because it is cheap. But it is bought, and the man has in his possession some portion of food, food which will fill his soul with peace and joy and give him everlasting life. Food which will so satisfy him that he will never crave any other, if he will but read and believe.

True, many of the books thus distributed are wasted even when they have been bought. Many perhaps are burned in the temples, to save the precious characters in which they are printed, many are used to repair the soles of shoes, many are used by the frugal wife as a receptacle for her embroidery patterns and threads. The parable of the sower is constantly enacted. Some seed is trodden upon, some is choked, some is rooted up or scorched and comes to no fruitage. But some,—and herein lies our hope and our encouragement,—some of it falls into good ground, reaches the heart prepared to receive it, strikes root, and springs up producing an abundant and delightful harvest, some 30, some 60, some 100 fold.

Another advantage in this method of Gospel distribution is that by the means of tracts, the Gospel can be carried and left where the preacher, or at least the foreigner, is not allowed to remain. In some parts of China the foreigner is neither loved nor longed for nearly so much as his manufactures are. Merchandise finds its way without much difficulty into the country to places where the merchant who imports it would not be allowed to live. The right to travel and preach the Gospel is tolerated, subject to the risk of an occasional stoning and much abuse on the part of the ill-disposed, where a permanent stay would be but the occasion of trouble. Thus books can be taken inland, almost everywhere distributed, and left to do their work quietly but surely while the distributor must "move on." From such expeditions made by missionaries and colporters have come results of the most encouraging kind, making good again and again the promise "My word shall not return unto me void, but it shall accomplish * * * that whereto I sent it."

There is every reason to induce us to help in such work as that now before us. It is much needed; it is beneficial; it is in accordance with Chinese methods for propagating doctrine; it is easily done. There is no reason why every one of us should not have some share in the efforts now making. It is undenominational, thus will not help to perpetuate those differences to which some object, but it will tend to unify rather than separate, and thus it will do good to those who take part in it. Moreover, by aiding this Society we should show our belief that the Chinese need the Gospel, and that it is adapted to their needs. We should also be doing something by way of obedience to the injunction laid upon all of his disciples by the

Saviour. Further than this, we should show our sympathy with the Native Church in its efforts to spread the truth. This is a matter of no little consequence. They need this sympathy now as they will not need it when Christianity has made greater progress, and has become the religion of the land. At the outset any help rendered, any interest shown, goes far to stimulate these Christian workers. It is not in the full tide of success that aid is the most useful. But it is in the days of weakness that we should try to inspire the converts from heathenism, by holding out hopes of success and by generous support.

We must remember that the Chinese Religious Tract Society is an effort to enlist the Chinese Christians especially in the dissemination of the truth among their own people, and to impress upon them that the work is peculiarly their own. They must learn this lesson and we must help them to learn it, not by taking away all supports and leaving them to shift for themselves, but by judicious guidance, by suggesting plans, by instructing them in those methods which we have found useful, and thus gradually we may remove the props which at first are necessary to make the edifice stand, until it appears before us a glorious structure, a self-reliant, self-perpetuating Church. By doing what we can now we shall obey the Divine command "Give ye them to eat;" and influenced by our example, stimulated by our zeal, the Church of God in China will enter heartily into the same good work.

May we not hope then that this enterprize will meet with that encouragement which it so richly deserves from us as members of the Body of Christ? I commend to your active sympathy the Chinese Religious Tract Society.



At Home and Abroad.

An olla podrida for missionaries! Will that indulgent and highly respected body bear with an ardent friend, if he sometimes tells them what he thinks of their doings, from the standpoint of a returned missionary; as well as informs them sometimes what others think and say of them? The deeds and words of the messengers of Christ to the heathen are not allowed to go unnoticed; friends praise them for what they do, and if they happen to live in India or China, they often get credit for deeds of self-denial which to themselves appear commonplace enough. On the other hand, the missionary is closely watched by the unfriendly eye of many mercantile and official personages; and stupid, not to say highly injurious statements are often made respecting them which they have not the least chance of repudiating or answering. But as the mere picking of bones, even with the spice and sauce of newspaper criticism and public opinion, cannot tend by itself to feed and sustain our mental and spiritual life, a little flesh may sometimes be added to our skeletons, for the sake of the peaceable and the studious. Notes on new books and articles likely to interest our readers may sometimes be given, and in fact, any little scraps of information which may come in our way and which will be likely to amuse or instruct.

* * *

A CURIOUS work has just come to

hand entitled "Punishments in the Olden Time." The illustrations and letterpress alike would have reminded us instantly of China, had we not been informed that the punishments are such as used to be inflicted in England until quite recent times. The *Academy* of July 16, 1881, says, that "Four thousand copies have been sold," and adds that the success which has attended the work has induced the author to prepare a work on *Old Scottish Punishments*. This latter, however, the author informs me will not be ready for some time. The first-rate illustrations vividly set forth such heathenish customs as that of the ducking-stool, the brank, the pillory, &c. As a question has just been raised in Devonshire, respecting the origin and meaning of 'riding the stang,' something may be said about it here. If a husband were known to beat his wife, or allowed himself to be hen-pecked it was customary to ride the stang in his honour. Two persons, representing respectively the husband and wife appear armed with a skimmer and a ladle. They sometimes ride a donkey, sometimes go in a cart; and as they beat their musical instruments, hold free dialogues and caricature the conduct of their unlucky fellow townsmen. In Sussex the custom used to be kept up at Horn Fair—so called because horns or Coruntes (see Brand's *Popular Antiquities*) were used; whilst in many parts the custom is known as Skimmington

Riding—perhaps from the use of the skimming-ladle. So recently as the 15th November, 1879, a case of *Skimmington* occurred at Exwick near Exeter. Both in the work before us and in Brand we have a number of illustrations of the *cangue* or pillory, and other modes of punishment used in England in the good old times; corresponding in shape and method of application almost exactly with the Chinese 架 and other instruments of torture. I may here remark that the methods employed by the Greeks for the punishment of culprits were in many respects similar to those of China. The former had what they called a *Pausikapè*, or round instrument for putting on the neck of a criminal, like the Chinese *cangue*, which prevented him putting his hands to his head. Another instrument of torture, common, with various modifications, to both countries, was what the Greeks designated *kyphón*, a wooden collar, enclosing the neck of the culprit and made to serve as stocks for the hands, and sometimes for the feet as well. The illustrations in Vol. I. of Archdeacon Gray's "China" will serve to make the subject plain. The use of fetters, torture for the feet and ankles, perpetual banishment, and such like punishments are also the common heritage of both peoples.

* * *

THERE is scarcely any subject which has attracted so much attention of late as that of comparative mythology, folklore and religion. There recently appeared an interesting little book by an American lady entitled "Sanskrit and its Kindred Literatures," being studies in com-

parative mythology. The authoress appeared well read, though she has not a critical knowledge of Eastern languages. Now Sir G. W. Cox has again come forward with a most valuable "Introduction to Mythology and Folklore." Readers of his former works will not need to be told that he is *facile princeps* in the matter of comparative mythology. We have here, and to my mind, in a more interesting form, all that is valuable and instructive from the larger work "Mythology of the Aryan Nations." As I take up these books one after another, I cannot help heaving a sigh. In the first place scholars are prejudiced against China, because of the claims of India and Sanskrit; and are impatient of any comparison being made between what relates to the heathen Chinese and what belongs to the refined Aryan. And then we have few if any who are able and willing to take up the subject from the Chinese stand-point and treat it fully and scientifically. Such work needs not only courage, but means. It would have to force its way against the popular current, and the author might not live to see his work appreciated. What we want in the first place is a collection of folk-tales, like those recently translated by H. Giles, Esq., only if possible collected from the mouths of the people, carefully translated, with all variations. Then if workers could be found in each of the provinces, and the results could be sent to some central depot for publication, correction and annotation, we should soon be possessed of a valuable mass of material which could be submitted to the analytic

chemist at home or elsewhere to ascertain the various component parts. Who will undertake this work in the interests of the religions, myths and folklore of China? It would afford a most fascinating pastime when travelling on missionary business, visiting out-of-the-way towns and villages; would give the student a grasp of the language and mental condition of the people such as he can never obtain in his study, and would confer a lasting boon on all future missionaries and students. I am glad to have this opportunity of noticing the work of Mr. D. Ball, a copy of whose article in the *China Review* has reached me, in response to a request made some months since in the Hongkong *Daily Press*, as well as personally when on my way to England. As an illustration of what I have stated above, a reviewer of the article in a recent number of the *Academy* (May 14th, 1881) remarks that "the elaborate footnotes appended to each page suggest the thought that the writer has expended unnecessary time in studying the strange fancies relating to the origin of created things begotten by a degenerate Taoism." The reviewer may think it a waste of time, but others may have a different opinion. But the work, to be successful must be congenial to the tasks of the student. All cannot endure the endless repetitions and (apparently) senseless statements with which folk-tales abound, and judgment and taste will be required for carrying out the work.

* * *

ANOTHER branch of study is being carried out with vigour in England

—that of the English Dialects. The *English Dialect Society* is now in its 9th year, and already has done much valuable work. A number of its publications are before me, and my mouth waters at the thought of seeing works of a similar kind relating to China. There are glossaries, grammars, bibliographies, and essays, full of interesting facts tending to elucidate the history of our tongue. Few persons would believe how rich our English dialects are; but it will be seen that they are most valuable auxiliary studies when I state that I have during the past 6 months collected some 300 new words in Devonshire alone. Amongst the publications of the English Dialect Society is a Dictionary of plant-names. In Devonshire I have collected this spring about 100 names which are most valuable. Thus, the 'foxglove' is here called 'cow-slip' and 'cowflop'; the buttercup is also called 'cowslip,' and saxifrage is known as 'garden-gate.' E. H. Parker, Esq., once made a list of Canton plants, but so far as I know, no attempt has ever been made to get a list of colloquial names from the various provinces, as well as their local variants. Valuable additions to our stock of words would be made by such lists. I should rejoice to hear that fifty or a hundred gentlemen and ladies, clerical and lay, had formed themselves into a Chinese Dialect and Folklore Society. If each would subscribe \$5 yearly, as we do in England to these Societies, there could be printed every year from one to half-a-dozen publications such as vocabularies of local or characterless words, dictionaries in Chinese, grammars, proverbs,

lists of plant-names, lists of names employed in trades, guilds, secret signs, slang, religious terms, &c., &c. Many consular and other agents would take part in such a work, the merchants would subscribe to it, and permission might be obtained to reprint articles from old and out-of-the-way periodicals, &c. I should be glad to subscribe, and to make the matter known in England; giving it all the assistance in my power. Here let me refer to the work of the Folklore Society. It is in its fourth year, and has already published several works in addition to its reports, which are loaded with valuable papers by eminent scholars and folklorists. As a humble contribution to its labours I have forwarded a paper on "Euphanism and Tabu in China," for the Society does not limit its work to English ground. Dr. Dennys has promised assistance, and in Hongkong there are a few members, who will no doubt give their quota of information in due time.

In a communication I have received from Wm. Jones, Esq., F.S.A., the author of "Credulities Past and Present," and "Finger-ring Lore," the writer solicits information on the question of finger-rings in China, with the traditions and superstitions connected with them. Can anyone give information on this point? In England it is unlucky to take off your wedding ring, and if it breaks the husband will be sure to die. But no doubt a good time may be given him for grace, for a lady who is member of a Christian Church tells me that when her wedding-ring broke an old woman assured her husband would

die, which he did 16 months after. Her ring broke again a few days ago, and she begins to fear that her daughter's death is indicated thereby! Probably if her husband had lived 5 or 10 years the breaking of the ring would still have been regarded as a sure sign.

* * *

In the religious world passing events claim our attention. The death of Dean Stanley is just announced. He breathed his last on Monday, July 18th, just before midnight. It will be remembered that he frequently came into collision with the Narrow Church party on account of his broad views. He offended many by admitting the well-known missionary, Dr. Moffat, into the nave of his abbey, and some were equally enraged because Prof. Max Müller was allowed there to preach his valuable lay sermon on missions. He admitted a monument to Wesley into the sacred edifice sometime since, and that was a grievous sin. But with all his faults he was a "man greatly beloved." The student will be thankful for his invaluable lectures on the Jewish Church; his "Sinai and Palestine"—whose value is greatly enhanced by the fact that he in person visited the East—finds a place in the libraries of all Bible students, while his biographies of Dr. Arnold and his own father are, and have been widely read. His heterodoxy lay in the fact that he believed in 1 Corinthians, xiii; a chapter we could all afford to learn by heart.

The Wesleyan Conference is now sitting, and has called the venerable Dr. Osborne to its chair. There is shortly to be a Pan-Methodist con-

ference in London, and the papers recently contained the translation of a letter from a native minister in Foochow, who had been nominated as a delegate, but excused himself on the ground of his ignorance of foreign tongues.

An interesting work appeared recently entitled "The Enemies of Books." To persons living in the East this would prove interesting, as there are far more of these foes in China and India than England can possibly boast. There is, how-

ever, a touching illustration shewing the ravages committed by book-worms on an old copy of Chaucer. Another interesting work is by A. Lang, entitled "The Library," in which he sets forth what M.S.S. and works are to be sought for by bibliophiles, and makes one wish for endless leisure and a purse without a bottom, that he might ransack the bookstalls and libraries "At Home and Abroad" in search of hidden treasures. These seldom come to the hand of your scribbling FRIEND.

Missionary News.

Births, Marriages & Deaths.

BIRTHS.

At Newton Abbey, Devonshire, England, on July 20th, the wife of the Rev. HILDERIC FRIEND, formerly of Canton, China, of a son.

At Wuchang, on August 22nd, the wife of the Rev. W. S. TOMLINSON, Wesleyan Mission, of a son.

At Hangchow, on August 30th, the wife of the Rev. M. H. HOUSTON, D.D., of a son.

At Tsing-tung, Shantung province, on September 18th, the wife of Rev. STEPHEN A. HUNTER, M.D., of a daughter.

At the Wesleyan Mission, Hankow, on October 10th, the wife of the Rev. J. W. BREWER, of a son.

MARRIAGES.

At Trinity Cathedral, Shanghai, on the 3rd October, by the Rev. W. L. GROVES, ABRAM ALEXANDER HERBERT-GORDON, of the American Presbyterian Mission, to ALICE JOSEPHINE, second daughter of Thomas Draper, Esq., of St. Kilda, Melbourne.

At Union Church, Hongkong, on October 8th, 1881, by the Rev. S. J. Masters, Wesleyan Missionary, Canton, the Rev. J. S. FORDHAM, Wesleyan Missionary, Wusueh, Hankow, to CAROLINE FRANCES, youngest daughter of the Rev. W. T. Radcliffe, Wesleyan Minister, Manchester, England.

At the "One Faith" Church Hangchow China, on the 24th October, 1881, by the Right Rev. G. E. Moule, D.D., Bishop in Mid. China, the Rev. J. H. SEDGWICK, C.M.S., to ELLEN DUMERGUE, second daughter of the Rev. P. H. Jennings, Rector of Longfield, Gravesend, Kent, England.

At Trinity Cathedral, Shanghai, on the 26th October, 1881, by the Rev. W. L. GROVES, HENRY W. HUNT to MINNIE SMALLEY, both of Inland Mission.

DEATHS.

At Chefoo, on the 28th August, the wife of the Rev. E. C. LORD, D.D.

At Weybread, Norfolk, on the 8th Sept., HELEN JANE, wife of the Rev. W. H. Collins.

At Chefoo, Inland Mission House, on the 13th September, aged 10 months and three weeks, LILLIE CARRUTHERS, the dearly beloved little daughter of the Rev. Thos. Bryson, of the London Mission, Wuchang.

At Swatow, on the 29th September, aged 35, ELIZABETH, the beloved wife of Rev. George Smith, Missionary of the Presbyterian Church of England.

At St. John's, Shanghai, on the 12th October, ADELAIDE E., the beloved wife of H. W. Boone, M.D., of the American Episcopal Mission.

ARRIVALS.—The Right Rev. Dr. Scott, Bishop of North China, arrived by the *s.s. Genkai Maru* on the 21st September.

Rev. Arthur Sowerby, Rev. J. S. Whitewright, and Miss Sowerby, of the English Baptist Mission, arrived by the French Mail, on Sept. 29th, and will probably be located in North China.

By the *Tokio Maru*, which arrived on October 6th, the Rev. J. H. Sprague, of Kalgan, returned from a visit home. The same steamer brought Mrs. Anent, returning to her husband at Peking. Rev. Stimpson and wife, new arrivals for the North China Mission, and Miss Holbrook, M.D., to be stationed at Tungchow near Peking—the above are all members of the A.B.C.F.M. Mission. The same steamer brought Rev. G. R. Davis and wife returning to North China; Rev. F. D. Gamwell, new arrival, to be stationed in North China, and the Revd. L. N. Wheeler, D.D., and family—all of the Am. Methodist E. Mission. Dr. Wheeler is appointed Superintendent of a new Mission to be commenced in the province of Szechuen.

By the *Tokio Maru* also arrived for the S.P.G. the Rev. Mr. C. J. Corfe, and Messrs. W. Hildesley, H. Topp and J. Vicent, who, we understand, will prepare for holy orders and study Chinese at a college to be at once commenced at Chefoo.

The Rev. J. N. B. Smith, of the Am. Presbyterian Mission, arrived by the *s.s. Tokio Maru*, on October 6th. For the present he will be stationed at Shanghai.

By the *s.s. Nagoya Maru* which arrived on the 13th October, the American Episcopal Mission have had four new members added to their Mission, viz., Rev. E. K. Buttles, and Miss Anna Stevens, to be located at Shanghai, and Rev. W. Graves and Miss Boyd for Wuchang.

By the P. & O. *s.s. Australia*, which sailed from London on Oct. 25th, we see the Rev. J. R. and Mrs. Wolfe, of the London Mission, Foochow, are returning to China.

* * *

DEPARTED.—By the M.M. *s.s. Ozus*, on Sept. 3, Mr. Baller, of the Inland Mission, left for a trip home.

By the *s.s. Genkai Maru*, which left on the 28th September, the Rev. Mr. & Mrs. Carter, and two children, of the American Methodist Mission, Kiukiang, left for home. Mr. Carter's serious indisposition made the change necessary.

Per M.M. *s.s. Iraouuddy*, which sailed on October 19, Mrs. Hudson Taylor, left for a visit home.

* * *

SHANGHAI.—Bishop Bowman, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, arrived from America and Japan on the 15th of September and left the next day for the North. During his Northern tour the Bishop visited Chefoo, Tientsin, and Peking, and made an excursion to the Great Wall and to the Ming Tombs. The Bishop's presence at the Annual Meeting of the Methodist Mission in Peking, and at the opening of the Woman's Hospital in Tientsin, were events of much interest, and must have been productive of much good. Bishop Bowman returned

[September-

from the North last week, and left immediately for Kiukiang, to attend the meeting of the Methodist Episcopal Mission at that place on the 26th instant, and we understand that he is to attend the Conference at Foochow the last of November.

Miss M. K. Colburn, Miss M. A. Burnett and Miss Kirkby, of the Woman's Union Mission, have lately removed from Peking to Shanghai, to take charge of the Bridgman School, West Gate.

The Rev. Thomas Taylor, late of the London Mission, Shanghai, writes from England:—"I trust the work in Shanghai is progressing. I am speaking and lecturing on China as opportunity offers, and so helping to keep alive the interest at home."

Bishop Schereschwsky was prostrated by severe illness while on a visit to Wuchang. He arrived in Shanghai on Friday, the 26th August, and was at once conveyed to his residence at St. John's. He soon became completely powerless and unable to speak, though cognizant of passing events, and able to enjoy being read to, &c. During October the patient improved somewhat, but complete recovery is considered somewhat doubtful.

Further additions to the number of missionaries already on the field, are on their way to China. Mr. D. D. Main, L.R.C.S. and P., is soon to leave England for China under the care of the C. M. S. He will be stationed at Hangchow to take charge of the Opium Hospital and other medical work. Dr. and

Mrs. Smith, and Rev. and Mrs. Loughlin sailed from San Francisco on October 6th. They are sent out by the American Presbyterian Mission, and will be located in Shantung Province. By the same steamer the Rev. G. F. Fitch and family will return to China to resume his labors at Soochow and Rev. Robt Mateer and wife, of the same Mission are also expected.

Rev. Young J. Allen, Superintendent of the Southern Methodist Mission, contemplates, we understand, opening a school for natives under the patronage of the Chinese local authorities. The premises are to be built close to his church in the French Concession, and the plans are already prepared for a building of two storeys 62 feet in length, and 68 feet in width, and capable of accommodating from 250 to 300 pupils. It is hoped the school will be opened by the Chinese New Year. Two foreign teachers are to be employed and six native ones. The plan followed at the Hindoo college in Calcutta, founded by Dr. Duff, will be adopted for this school. The Bible will be one of the text books. There is to be no charge to pupils unless the applications for admission are too numerous, when a nominal fee may be charged as a check. Two branches are to follow.—*Temperance Union.*

Sometime since Dr. Farnham issued a circular asking for information concerning Sunday-schools in China. These circulars were addressed to one of the members of each mission with a blank to be filled up. Out of some two

dozen missions eleven responded, seven filling up the blanks and four saying there were no schools connected with their missions. In nearly all of the missions there are day schools which are instructed on Sabbath by the missionaries. Usually the children are examined in the catechism or some other religious book in which they have been instructed during the week. Though this is almost necessarily the first step, it will readily be seen it does not constitute a Sunday-school, in the proper sense of the word as generally understood to mean a regular institution with a superintendent, teachers, classes, library, secretary, librarian, collections, opening and closing services, &c., &c. If missionaries feel that the best thing they can do at first is to meet the pupils in their day schools, and instruct them on Sunday, they should be careful not to glide into this way and continue on after they have gathered a few members into the church, some of whom will be able to give instruction while others will need it. Bible classes and Sunday-school classes may be formed of all connected with the mission and church, and a pleasant and profitable hour spent over God's word every Lord's day. The statistics, given below, show that it is high time that something was done to increase the interest in the subject in this empire. *Christie's Old Organ* has been translated into the Chinese language by Mrs. Dr. White and published by *The Foreign Sunday School Association*, as the first Sunday-school book. There are other books that could be gathered

and form the nucleus of a library, for it seems there is not a Sunday-school library in China. The collecting and publishing of these statistics is a step in the right direction which will lead to discussion, agitation and improvement:—

Name of School.	Superintendent.	Address.	When organized.	By whom.	No. of teachers.	No. of pupils.	No. of Vols.	In Library.	Annual collections.
Tartar City	Rev. J. H. Peke	Peking	1873	Rev. L. W. Fletcher	13	125 none	\$35	nil	
Tungshoo Baptist	Rev. T. P. Crawford, D.D.	Peking	1872	Rev. T. P. Crawford, D.D.	13	100 none	nil		
Tungshoo	Chefoo	1869	Mrs. Chapin & {	Miss Andrew	8	60 none	nil		
Tungshoo	Rev. L. D. Chapin	Peking	1869	Rev. T. Bryson	6	35 none	nil		
Tungshoo	Rev. L. D. Chapin	Wuchang	1879	Rev. T. Bryson	6	10 none	nil		
Tungshoo	Rev. L. D. Chapin	Huangchow	1874	Rev. T. Bryson	16	85 none	\$2.15		
Tungshoo	Rev. L. D. Chapin	Ganton	1881	Rev. E. Z. Simmon	7	90 none	nil		
Tungshoo	Rev. L. D. Chapin	Ningpo	1878	Rev. J. R. Goddard	7	240 none	\$15.12		
Tungshoo	Rev. L. D. Chapin	Shanghai, 1870		Rev. G. F. Fitch & Dr. Farnham	12				
Tungshoo	Rev. L. D. Chapin								

* * *

THE new List of Missionaries corrected up to date is now completed and for sale at the Mission Press, twelve copies for one dollar. In order to save trouble friends would oblige by combining their orders so that one might cover each community if possible.

* * *

HANGCHOW.—We learn that the Rev. N. D. Lyon, of the American Pres-

byterian Mission, who for so many years worked faithfully among the Chinese in Hangchow, has decided not to return to China.

CHEFOO.—Letters have been received from Dr. and Mrs. Nevius, of the American Presbyterian Mission, from which we are glad to learn that they are both improving in health, and hope to be ready to start back to China in September, 1882.

TIENTSIN.—The "Isabella Fisher" Hospital, under the care of Miss Dr. Howard of the American Methodist Episcopal Mission, was formally opened for the reception and treatment of women and children, by the Rev. Bishop Bowman on October 15th. A goodly number of foreign friends were present, together with a large representation from the four native churches. The exercises were partly in Chinese and partly in English. The Scripture read was taken from Matthew 9, xviii—xxxviii. Prayer was then offered, after which the hymn, "The Great Physician," was sung, followed by a brief statement of the origin of medical mission work for women in Peking, and the circumstances which led to the erection of this hospital in particular. After this Bishop Bowman gave an address, and dedicated the institution by prayer to the uses for which it had been erected. At the close of the dedicatory exercises the friends were invited to inspect the premises. They are situated on the great road leading from Tientsin to Taku, a few rods west of the English concession. The main building has a

hall running through from front to rear, and contains a large waiting room and two smaller private rooms, a well-supplied dispensing room, a fine drug room, and an admirably lighted operating room. Back of this main building, are wards on three sides of a court, so situated as to get the benefit of the sun's heat and light to the best advantage. One of these, the general ward, is arranged to accommodate twenty-four patients. The other buildings contain four rooms each, and will accommodate sixteen patients, or by crowding, twice that number could be placed in them temporarily. The place is well situated, well ventilated, and amply furnished with kitchens and other necessary out-buildings. Including the purchase of the land, and the enclosing wall, the hospital has cost about \$6,000. We have here as the outgrowth of Christianity and of Christian Missions a spectacle such as is not to be found elsewhere in China, viz., two large institutions, side by side, for ministering to the diseased and destitute. One, under the care of Dr. Mackenzie, built and supported by funds contributed by Chinese, is for men only; the other, under the care of Miss Dr. Howard, and built by funds from one of the lands of the west, reaches out its healing mercies to the women and children of China. Both are under the patronage of the Viceroy Li and his excellent Countess—himself one of the highest and most enlightened of Chinese officials.—*Daily News.*

SWATOW.—We greatly regret to hear from a friend in Swatow that

"Mrs. Smith of the Presbyterian Mission here (a bride less than a year ago, and at Swatow but six months) was buried last Thursday. She has left a stricken husband and brother in the English Presbyterian Mission, and a bereaved circle of loving friends in both missions."

—*Temperance Union.*

* * *

NANKING.—We are glad to learn that the work of the Rev. C. Leaman, of the American Presbyterian Mission is progressing favorably. He has secured a fine lot of ground for building purposes which he has enclosed with a substantial wall, and erected a small house in which he purposed to live, while his dwelling-house is in course of erection. Preaching is carried on daily to large and attentive audiences. A few days ago some rumours were spread which caused some excitement and led to the arrest of the head carpenter but he was shortly afterwards released on bail, through the good offices of a brother missionary. On hearing the news the Rev. C. Leaman immediately left Shanghai, where he had been detained through illness, for Nanking, which place he reached in safety. He will probably be able to quickly restore confidence in the native mind. Rev. Joseph Thomson and wife are expected to arrive in the Autumn for this station.

* * *

PEKING.—Previous to the departure from Peking of the Hon. J. B. Angell for the U.S.A., the American missionaries presented him with a pair of handsome vases as a token of respect.

KALGAN.—A friend from that far-off region writes as follows:—"Work is progressing. I have a class among the Russians, and am teaching them English, they learn very fast as they are intelligent and eager. I hope to establish a medium of communication between their doctor and themselves, as calls are frequent from that quarter, and conversation embarrassing. Kalgan Mission has purchased a large piece of land in the west part of the lower city and they hope by next fall to have two houses built upon it."

* * *

PENANG.—A key to the success of Catholic Missions in the East may be found in the French Foreign Missionary College at Penang. In this institution there are upwards of a hundred young men ecclesiastical students undergoing the curriculum for the priesthood. Among them may be found representatives of all parts of Asia—India, Ceylon, Burma, Siam, Annam, China, Corea, and Japan. Nearly every vicariate nominates and maintains one or more pupils. *Latin* is the only language spoken within the precincts—being the *via media* for securing uniformity among such heterogenous elements. The staff of Professors is well selected from the best European seminaries, being about a dozen in number, the Chair in Chinese being filled by an ex-Mandarin. The institution is well worth a visit, being within an easy and pleasant drive of the wharf, and the courtesy and attention of the Fathers would contribute to making it an agreeable reminiscence for those either outward or homeward bound.—*Catholic Register.*

ENGLAND.—The Annual Meeting of the London Mission was held at Exeter Hall, on May 12, when the year's income was stated to be higher than that of last year; but the expenditure had exceeded the receipts to the extent of over £2,000.

The Annual Meeting of the China Inland Mission was held at Exeter Hall, in June, when the income for the year was stated at £8,692 11s. 2d., being more than £1,000 less than the previous year.

The Annual Meeting of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel was held at St. James' Hall on May 12th, the year's income was stated at £138,288, being £7,000 more than the previous year. The grant for 1882 for the China and Japan Missions is £2,750.

The Annual Meeting of the Baptist Missionary Society took place at Exeter Hall, on April 28th. The year's contributions were stated at £51,459 14s. 10d. being the largest income ever received by this Society.

The Annual Meeting of the Church Missionary Society was held at Exeter Hall as usual on May 3rd. There was a very large gathering, and the income for the year was stated to be £207,508.

The Annual Meeting of the Wesleyan Missionary Society was held at Exeter Hall on May 2, the Lord Mayor being in the chair. The year's total income was stated at £130,093, and expenditure at £168,403, thus leaving a deficiency of over £38,000 for the year. The Lord Mayor gave a donation of £1,000 towards the reduction of the debt.

In an extract taken from the *Church Missionary Intelligencer*, published in the *London and China Express* of July 29, we take the following:—"The very Rev. Dean Butcher of Shanghai, was introduced to the Committee of the Church Mission, and pressed upon them the importance of the occupation of Shanghai as the entrance to the Yangtze-kiang; and made pro-

posals under which the Rev. A. E. Moule should proceed to that port in the ensuing Autumn to occupy the Deanery, and take charge of the English service for six months, with a view to his afterwards entering upon mission work in the city, especially among the many thousands of Chinese there speaking the Ningpo dialect. The committee thankfully accepted the Dean's proposal regarding the Deanery, etc., and sanctioned the Rev. A. E. Moule's return to Shanghai this year."

We take the following remarks on the late trouble at Tsing-tau fu from the *London and China Express* of Sept. 23:—"It is, indeed, time for the foreigners to combine and put pressure on the Peking Government to suppress these ever recurring disturbances. Nothing more is needed than summary punishment in one or two cases, for we have had proof that energetic action results in the absolute stopping of this disgraceful rowdyism. A blow must be struck at the principal offenders, be they who they may. The people themselves are not so averse to receive aid from the missions in their time of need, and they are not so ungrateful as to forget entirely the good that is done. The attacks are instigated by feelings of jealousy on the part of a few, and this few must be made to feel the criminality of their conduct. China is a large Empire, but the authority of the ministers ought to reach its uttermost limits. It does so extend in some cases, and we should insist on the protection to our subjects which is guaranteed by treaty. If the minor officials in office act *mala fides*, let them be removed and replaced by those who can and will uphold the boasted civilisation of the Flowery Land. Such outrages as the one we refer to are a disgrace to any nation, and the policy which allows them is iniquitous in every sense of the word."

TABLES OF MISSIONS AND MISSIONARIES IN CHINA, OCTOBER, 1881.

TABLE I.

SOCIETY.	Date of Mission.	Married men.		Single men.		Single women.	Married women.	Total.
		Or-dained	Lay.	Or-dained	Lay.			
BRITISH.								
1. London Missionary Society.....	1807	18	2	2	...	3	20	45
2. British and Foreign Bible Soc.	1843	...	1	...	2	...	1	4
3. Church Mission.....	1844	15	2	3	...	3	17	40
4. Baptist	1845	3	...	2	...	1	8	9
5. Presbyterian (English)	1847	9	2	3	...	2	11	27
6. Wesleyan	1852	11	...	5	...	1	11	28
7. Methodist New Connection.....	1860	5	5	10
8. Soc. Propagation of Gospel.....	1862	4	4
9. Nat. Bible Society, Scotland	1865	*	1	...	3	...	1	5
10. China Inland Mission	1865	12	17	...	23	14	29	95
11. Canadian Presbyterian	2	2	4
12. Soc. Promo. Fem. Educa. East.....	1861	1	...	1
13. United Presbyterian, Scotland	1865	3	3	6
14. United Methodist Free	1868	2	2	4
15. Irish Presbyterian	1869	1	1	2	4
16. Church of Scotland	1878	2	1	...	2	5
17. Unconnected	1	1	...	1	...	2	5
Total.....		84	27	19	30	25	111	296
AMERICAN.								
1. A. B. C. F. M.	1830	19	3	11	22	55
2. Baptist Mission Union	1834	6	1	1	...	6	7	21
3. Protestant Episcopal	1835	7	...	3	2	3	7	22
4. Presbyterian	1838	23	3	2	...	13	26	67
5. Methodist Episcopal	1847	17	...	1	1	14	17	50
6. Southern Baptist	1847	5	4	5	14
7. Seventh Day Baptist	1847	1	1	1	3
8. Methodist Episcopal, South	1848	6	...	1	...	2	6	15
9. Dutch Reformed	1858	4	4	8
10. Woman's Union	1859	2	...	3
11. Southern Presbyterian.....	1867	5	...	1	1	3	5	15
12. American Bible Society	1876	1	2	...	3	...	3	9
Total.....		94	9	9	7	60	103	282
GERMAN.								
1. Rhenish Mission	1874	5	...	1	5	11
2. Basel Mission	1874	14	...	1	14	29
Total.....		19	...	2	19	40
Grand Total.....		197	36	30	37	85	233	618

* The Agent of this Society is also missionary of the U. P. Mission.

TABLE II.

	Ordained men not Medical.	Medical men.		Other Lay men.	Total men.	Single women.		Total men and single women.	Married women.	Grand Total.
		Or-dained	Lay.			Medical.	Teach-ers.			
British	99	2	10	49	160	...	25	185	111	296
American	99	5	8	7	119	8	52	179	103	282
German	21	21	21	19	40
Total.....	219	7	18	56	300	8	77	385	233	618

[September-

TABLES OF MISSIONS AND MISSIONARIES IN JAPAN, OCTOBER, 1881.

TABLE I.

SOCIETY.	Date of Mission.	Married men.		Single men.		Single women.	Married women.	Total.
		Or-dained	Lay.	Or-dained	Lay.			
AMERICAN.								
Protestant Episcopal	1859	7	...	1	2	3	7	20
Reformed (Dutch)	1859	6	1	2	7	16
Presbyterian	1859	6	1	1	...	7	7	22
Unconnected (Mr. Goble)	1860	1	1	2
A.B.C.F. Missions	1869	13	2	1	...	12	15	43
Woman's Union	1871	4	...	4
Baptist Mission Union	1873	5	3	5	13
Methodist Episcopal	1873	11	7	11	29
Evangelical Association	1876	3	1	3	7
Bible Society	1877	1	1	2	4
Cumberland Presbyterian	1879	2	2	4
Reformed (German)	1879	1	1	2
Methodist Protestant	1880	1	...	1
Total.....		56	5	3	2	40	61	167
BRITISH.								
Church Missionary	1869	7	...	1	1	2	7	18
Society Propagation Gospel	1873	3	...	1	1	2	3	10
Canadian Wesleyan	1873	3	3	6	9
United Presbyterian (Scotch)	1874	4	4	8	12
Med. Min. Society, Edinburgh	1874	...	1	1	2
National Bible Society, Scotland	1876	2	2
Baptist	1878	1	1
British and Foreign Bible Society	1880	1	1	2
Total.....		18	1	3	4	4	19	49
Grand Total...		74	6	6	6	44	80	216

TABLE II.

	Ordained men not Medical.	Medical men.		Other Lay men.	Total men.	Single women.	Total men and single women.	Married women.	Grand Total.
		Or-dained	Lay.						
British	19	2	1	4	26	4	30	19	49
American.....	56	3	3	4	66	40	106	61	167
Total.....	75	5	4	8	92	44	136	80	216



Notices of Recent Publications.

新約聖書字類 *A Concordance of the New Testament in Chinese*, by the Rev. H. V. Noyes, Canton, China, 1881.

THESE Chinese characters are those which Mr. Noyes has selected to designate a work in Chinese answering to a concordance in English; the work has been long expected and many missionaries will be glad to know that it is published. It is made particularly for the Bridgman and Culbertson version of the N. T. It forms an octavo volume of 203 leaves or 406 pages. It is in very clear and legible print. Only one word in a verse is selected as the one by which to find a passage. These words are then printed at the head of the lines. The words are arranged along the heads of the pages according to their respective radicals. In order to use the books in finding any desired passage, the principal word in the passage is fixed upon. This word is looked for in this book, under its proper radical. When the word is found the eye runs down the line over which it is placed, and he finds the various verses in which the said

word occurs, in the various books of the N. T. commencing with Matthew. If the persons using the books remembers in which book of the N. T. the passage he wishes is found then he will confine his attention to the passages of that particular book till he finds the passage. If he does not remember the particular book in which the passage he wishes to find occurs, then he will have to look seriatim in the Testament at the several verses in which the leading word occurs till he comes to the one he wishes. The Chinese students who cannot use the English concordance will find it a great help in their studies. It will be furnished with maps. One of Judea according to the division among the Tribes. Another of Judea at the time of our Blessed Lord, and the third of the travels of St. Paul. On white paper it will be sold at the very low price of 25 cts. a copy.

The China Review: May and June 1881.

THIS number of the *Review* is filled with the usual number of articles. Mr. Parker's jottings when making journeys in Szechuen province and the Translations from the General Code of Laws of the Chinese Empire are continued. The paper of most

general interest is the account of the resources of the Yunnan province, and the best means of getting access to it by H. K. The notice of the Report on the production of silk in China by the Imperial Maritime Customs is of special interest to merchants.

The Work of the American Bible Society in China and Japan in 1880.

THIS is a Report of the work of this Society during 1880 in these two countries in the preparation of versions of the S. S. in their publica-

tion and circulation. The work is under the general superintendence of the Rev. L. H. Gulick. Under his energetic management the work

has enlarged so much that the Bible Society had to appoint another agent to superintend it. Dr. Gulick has been appointed to superintend the work of the Society in China, and the Rev. H. Loomis has been appointed to take charge of the Society's work in Japan. All interested in the extension of the circulation of the Bible will rejoice in hearing of this enlargement of the work. It having become necessary that two agents should be employed in the field hitherto under the care of one agent, all will rejoice that Dr. Gulick has been continued in charge of the work in China.

During the year contemplated in the Report, the *Scriptures printed* have been as follows:—"We have published in all twenty-three works, making in all 98,525 volumes, or 11,566,450 pages. The total charge to our manufacturing department is \$4,827.63." The circulation or distribution is thus stated: "Reports of the number of books disbursed

during the year have been received from Shanghai and Foochow alone —nothing having reached us from Peking. The total of volumes distributed is 359 Bibles, 5,770 Testaments, 70,700 portions. Of these 77,029 volumes, 60,782 were in the Mandarin colloquial; 9,881 in the Classical; 4,923 in the Shanghai colloquial."

The Report of the work in China gives a detailed statement of the parts of the country in which the distribution was made. From this it appears that all the Colporteurs employed by the Society have labored in Central China, and in the vicinity of Shanghai. This fact accounts for the large number of copies that have been distributed in the Mandarin colloquial and in Shanghai colloquial. Now that the work will have the undivided time and attention of the energetic agent we may expect to have a great increase in the work of distribution during each successive year.

A Catalogue of the Library of the North China Branch of the Royal Asiatic Society, including the Library of Alex. Wylie, Esq., Shanghai, 1881.

THIS catalogue shows that the Library is systematically classed. Hence it can be very easily referred to. It has 989 separate works. It will be

found to contain many valuable works of reference by those who are pursuing investigations in regard to China and other ancient nations.

The Works of Chuang-tsze, Taoist Philosopher, by Frederic Henry Balfour, F.R.G.S., Author of "Waifs and Strays from the Far East," etc. Shanghai and Hongkong: Kelly & Walsh. Yokohama: Kelly & Co. London: Trübner & Co., 1881.

It has been known to the friends of the Author that he was devoting his time and attention to the study of Taoism. This well printed volume of 450 pages is one of the results of his studies. It is a translation of the writings of one of the most illustrious of the followers of Laou-

tsze, who lived some two centuries after his master, or B.C. 330. He is supposed to have been a contemporary of Mencius. His works were held in great estimation about the year A.D. 800. Mr. Balfour has made his works a very careful study and has given to his readers

a very readable translation of a very mystical book.

Mr. Balfour has prefaced his translation with a long essay on the characteristics of the three religions prevailing in China, in which he has presented in the main a very fair statement of them. Yet there are some points to which many readers will take exception. Some of the statements are not consistent with others found in the same paper. Mr. Balfour thus introduces the philosopher to his readers:—"This brilliant writer—metaphysician, satirist, faculist, and paradoxist—was, by education, a Confucianist. His intellect appears to have been of a peculiar combative order, leading him to attack existing systems and accepted modes of thought for the mere sake of contradiction. His style is fine, but affectedly obscure, he uses characters in far-fetched, illegitimate, and wayward senses, and many of his *jeu-de-mots* are not only untranslateable, but baffle the ingenuity of the most eminent native commentators. There are not wanting scholars, indeed, who believe, or profess to believe, that Chuang-tze intended the whole of this classic as an elaborate joke."

All will see that such a work is very difficult to translate, and all

will admit who read it that our author had made a very readable translation. He has enriched it with valuable notes on difficult passages. The original work is published in 6 volumes, and it is divided into thirty-three chapters. The mystic headings to these chapters gives very little idea of the subjects discussed in them. Some of them read thus. 1. Wanderings at Ease. 2. On the uniformity of all things. 3. Rules respecting the Nourishment of Life. 4. The World of Humanity. 5. On the manifestation of Inward Virtue. 6. The Universal Temper. 7. On the Duty of Emperors and Princes, &c., &c.

But all will readily suppose it contains discussion in regard to the leading doctrines of Taoism. On reason, virtue, self-renunciation, transformations, attaining perfection, transmigration, the origin of all things, the old questions which have occupied the minds of speculative men of all ages and countries. All those who are interested in such studies will thank our author for presenting the thoughts of this ancient philosopher in such a readable style.

The book is printed in a very creditable manner by Kelly & Walsh, Shanghai, and it is on sale in Shanghai and Hongkong.

Journal of the North-China Branch of the Royal Asiatic Society, 1880.
New Series, No. XV.

THIS is a very interesting and valuable number of this Journal. It contains 314 pages and consists of three articles:—Art. I. European Researches into the Flora of China, by Bretschneider, M.D. Art. II. Coins of the present dynasty of

China, by S. W. Bushell, M.D. Art. III. The Naturalistic Philosophy of China, by Frederic H. Balfour, F.R.G.S. The first article is quite exhaustive of the subject. Dr. B. pays a cordial tribute of respect to the early labors in this field of

[Sept.-Oct.]

investigation. The author states he has the materials collected for bringing the historical account up to the present day. It is to be hoped the author will soon find time to give it to the public even though it should occupy twice as many pages as the present essay. Dr. Bushell has given a very complete account of the coins of this dynasty which will be appreciated by all interested in the subject of coins and especially by those who are collecting Chinese coins. Mr. Balfour in his suggestive essay by Naturalistic Philosophy refers to

Taoism. He (Balfour) depicts an idea advanced by Mr. Johnson in his work on "Oriental Religions," that Confucius was a Rationalist and his philosophy was Rationalistic. He therefore advocates giving that designation to Confucianism. And he suggests that Taoism which has hitherto been called Rationalistic shall be designated "The Naturalist" Philosophy. While there is much plausibility in what he writes, it will be very difficult to effect a change in these long established methods of speaking of Confucianism and Taoism.

ALL our readers will be interested to see the following statement of the statistics of Roman Catholic Missionaries in China. The statement was furnished to "The Hong-kong Catholic Register," whose Editor says the summary is furnished to him from "a most reliable source." All will regret that it is given so little in detail.

SUMMARY OF CHINESE MISSION.
Bishops 41; European priests

664; Native priests 559; Colleges 30; Convents 34; Catholics 1,092,818. From this it appear that including Bishops, Foreign and Native priests there are 1254 ordained clergy. The number of Catholics include of course all *who adhere* to this religion. It shows that therero are a large number of adherents. Some are found in nearly every one of the eighteen provinces.

